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LETTERS OF HANNAH MORE

TO

ZACHARY MACAULAY, ESQ.

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LETTERS OF HANNAH MORE

TO

ZACHARY MACAULAY, ESQ.

CONTAINING NOTICES OF LORD MACAULAY'S YOUTH.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY

ARTHUR ROBERTS, M.A.,

RECTOR OF WOODRISING, NORFOLK.

"Me quidem illæ Athenæ nostræ non tam operibus magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus delectant quam recordatione summorum virorum; ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, ubi disputare solitus sit, studioseque eorum etiam sepulchra contemplor."

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PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE following series of letters are among those which were omitted by my late lamented father, when he published his "Memoir of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs Hannah More." He had then a large accumulation to select from, and the difficulty of selection was no little. It was obviously impossible to publish all, even of those which had an equal claim to meet the public eye. And there was a difficulty, too, arising out of circumstances which are strikingly expressed by Beza as occurring to himself when he was editing the letters of the great Reformer of Geneva. He observes, that it is no easy task, in the publication of writings of this nature, to consult the profit of the public without offence to private individuals, and the difficulty is enhanced no little when the correspondence has been evidently confidential, and when

the writer has been one of those free and open characters who are accustomed to pour out their bosoms to their friends with little caution or reserve.*

The reader will readily perceive that some of the letters here presented to his eye are such as could not well have seen the light whilst the distinguished man who is so frequently and familiarly alluded to was still among the living. But his lamented death has taken off the seal of privacy under which they must have otherwise remained. And as they contain no anecdotes but what are pleasing, and no allusions but what are creditable to his memory, it seems unadvisable, and scarcely indeed justifiable, to withhold them any longer from the public.

* "Magna nobis in epistolarum delectu difficultas, maligna præsertim ac perversa hujus sæculi hominum ingenia reputantibus, oborta est; dum horum scriptorum editionem sic temperare studemus, ut quoad ejus fieri poterit, sine cujusquam offensione quam plurimis prosit. Multa quippe familiariter inter amicos dici scribique consueverunt, presertim et ingenui spiritus hominibus, qualis fuit Calvinus, si quisquam nostris temporibus alius, quæ minime expediat emanare. Et habenda quoque nobis fuit non modo personarum, verum etiam temporum et locorum ratio. Itaque ex plurimis non ita multa tandem edidimus, eaque expunctis interdum nominibus, ne cui præberemus expostulandi argumentum."

A man whose fame, to say the least, is European, whose funeral has been a national event, and whom his country has sepulchred amongst her illustrious and "glorious dead," must needs be one whose early history will be looked into with curious eye. People will be glad, doubtless, to be carried back from the evening of his reputation to the dawn of it—from the mature honours of his public funeral to the early promise of his youth. And this natural and reasonable curiosity will be gratified in some degree (until more detailed accounts of him appear) by the lively sketches and allusions of these letters.

It will be seen, on a perusal of them, that Lord Macaulay, in the early days of youth, was no unfrequent visitor at Barley Wood, where his genius met with one who was well able to respond to it, and to presage its future laurels. Her keen and practised eye was beforehand with the public, and saw in his obscurer childhood the prelude of that fame which he would reach in after-life. Many, indeed, have lived to see their hopes of a precocious genius sadly disappointed; but if Hannah More had had her lengthened life protracted but a little longer, she might have seen her words invested

with prophetic truth, when she "wished Tom were rich enough to be in Parliament, for then he would eclipse them all."

In one respect, indeed, she would have lived to see things otherwise accomplished than her care for his best interests had led her to desire and pray for, and which she indulged, at times, a very sanguine hope of seeing realised. Most earnestly she wished, she prayed, to see his genius *consecrated*, and would have been glad to be persuaded that he would advocate with the voice and vigour of Demosthenes the truths which are—

"Above all Greek, above all Roman, fame."

But her wishes were not unattended by her fears. She could rejoice, indeed, amidst the earliest dawnings of his genius, that "his classicality," as she termed it, "had not extinguished his piety," and that the first incense of his muse was devoutly offered to his Maker. But she soon saw too much cause to mix trembling with rejoicing when she had her eye upon his case. I have been informed by one who was much with her, and who had an intimate acquaintance with her sentiments, that the

affectionate regard with which she watched his early youth gradually waned during his riper years. "Her upright, penetrating mind," observes my kind informant, "could not but perceive the weakening and uncertainty of his religious and political principles, and the little account he made of one of the greatest blessings England ever knew—the *glorious* Reformation."* Indeed, it was no little

* That his earlier sympathies *were* given to this glorious cause we have a pleasing proof in his "Songs of the Huguenots," and especially that entitled "Moncontour," the scene of a battle fought in 1569, and disastrous to the Protestants.

"Oh, weep for Moncontour! oh, weep for the hour
When the children of darkness and evil had power!
When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God.

"Oh, weep for Moncontour! oh weep for the slain,
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughter'd in vain;
Oh, weep for the living who linger to hear
The renegade's shame, or the exile's despair.

"One look, one last look, to the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers,
To the church where the bones of our fathers decay'd,
Where we fondly had deem'd that our own should be laid.

"Alas! we must leave the dear desolate home
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of Rome,
To the serpent of Florence, the guile of Lorraine,
To the pride of Anjou, and the vulture of Spain.

proof of the distastefulness to her of his subsequent opinions, that her library, which was, in the first instance, bequeathed to *him*, was left, by her ultimate bequest, to an excellent relation of her own.* He was not one to disguise or modify his sentiments; and there was one occasion, I am told, wherein opinions were maintained by him in Mrs H. More's presence, of an exceptionable character, and in which a female voice, strong in Scripture truth, was considered to have overpowered and silenced him. Certainly, in his riper and maturer years, he did not make his choice of that arena in which Lord Shaftesbury has won a worthier crown—a garland which is "incorruptible, and which fadeth not

---

"Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,
To the song of thy youths, and the dance of thy maids,
To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees,
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees!

"Farewell, and for ever. The priest and the slave
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave;
Our hearths we abandon, our lands we resign,
But Father, we kneel at no altar but Thine."

* The Rev. Charles Popham Miles, now the Principal of that invaluable institution, the "Malta Protestant College," where Oriental youths of every tribe and every tongue are trained in wholesome knowledge, and in sound religion, with a view to future usefulness.

away,"—one which a higher hand than man's will, one day, set upon his brow.

One point of contrast between the course of the distinguished nobleman just mentioned, and that of the illustrious deceased, respects the subject recently alluded to—the glorious Reformation. That Lord Shaftesbury sees Rome to be the throne of Antichrist, may be judged from the active and noble part which he has taken, for these many years, on the platforms of our great Protestant societies. That Lord Macaulay did not so account it, may be gathered *inter alia*, not only from his advocacy of Maynooth, but from his review of "Ranke's History of the Popes," in which he expresses not a little admiration of the tenacious vitality of Popery, living, as it has, through so many centuries, and surviving such repeated blows as have been aimed at its existence. The brilliant essayist seems to infer from this, that Rome will never die; he finds it "difficult to conceive how she possibly can perish." Surely the very circumstance of her extreme longevity is only a corroboration of the idea entertained by almost all the searchers of prophetic truth, that she is the harlot church of the 1260 years' continuance. And if so, the fact

and circumstances of her death may be learnt with solemn accuracy from the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of the book of Revelation. It can never be a matter of surprise, that men who look with any measure of respect upon the Romish system, or who see in it, at least, any claim to veneration for the hoary hairs of its long life, should feel the Maynooth grant to be a very becoming contribution. So, in his parliamentary days, felt Lord Macaulay; and when, in his advocacy of that grant, he went to the extent of coarse vituperation, and spoke of "the howl" of Orangemen, and of "the bray" of Exeter Hall, it was little wonder that his Protestant constituents in Edinburgh unseated him.* May it not be hoped that, ere his summons to eternity, he revised his opinions on this weighty and all-important subject?

* In *his* view, the only praiseworthy feature of Mr Pitt's public conduct, during the closing years of the last century, was his wish to relieve the Roman laity from civil disabilities, and to grant a public maintenance to the Romish priesthood. Such a project, according to Lord M., was "a noble design," "a wise and liberal policy." Had he held Popish masses to be "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," he would never, surely, have been ready to sacrifice religious principle at the altar of (what he counted) political expediency. Whilst Mr Pitt was

It was the privilege of Lord Macaulay to be born, and bred, and nurtured in the arms of piety. He breathed from the first a hallowed atmosphere; and when Mr Maurice observes, with what looks like the language of sarcastic triumph, that he was brought over by the Whig politicians "from the ranks of the saints," he states what is too true a feature of his history. His pious and much respected father, Mr Zachary Macaulay, was a man who bore undoubtedly that honourable stigma, and sometimes had to bear the cross which is connected with it. It was a fact of which he was not the man to be ashamed, that he was what the world denominates scornfully, and the Scripture as a badge of honour and renown, "a saint;" and the important position which he held for many years, as the editor of the great religious periodical of the evangelical portion of the Church, brought him into close and constant intercourse with the worthiest of its members. Lord Macaulay's

thus eulogised in the very point where he was censurable, his royal master was held up to ridicule for his scrupulous regard to his coronation oath! (See Macaulay's *Biographies*, p. 211.) I cannot but commend to those who tremble for our Protestant ark, a paper styled "The Constitution," (published by Walbrook, Agar Street, Strand.)

uncle, Mr Babington, whose name is, in a manner, incorporated with his own, and in whose house he first drew breath, was one who, like St John's Demetrius, "had good report of all men, and of the truth itself." And when we add to these two venerated relatives the names of Wilberforce, Stephen, Venn, Thornton, Bowdler, Hannah More, as those into whose company his early youth was often thrown, it will be seen that he had nothing around him in his childhood to give him a disgust for vital godliness.

Very brilliant talents are, however, a very perilous possession. The world, if it can, will arrest and pre-engage them; and there is always that corrupt principle and influence within, which will tempt men to forget the Giver in the gift. Of this the wise father of this highly-gifted genius was, doubtless, well aware. And there is good reason to believe that it was his wish to check the rising danger, which prompted him to set his son, on one occasion, to the servile office of an index-maker. We may account, perhaps, in the same way for the otherwise strange fact, that the *Christian Observer*, vigilantly as it notices the works of many other authors of the

day, is so wholly *un*observant of Thomas Babington Macaulay. In vain we search the indexes of all the volumes which his father edited, to find this memorable name upon the roll, not excepting too that index, in particular, which Thomas Babington Macaulay was appointed to draw up. It might have been thought that, on one occasion, if no other, the ebullitions of a father's feeling would have certainly shewn themselves in the pages of his magazine. There was a memorable day in June 1824, when young Macaulay first appeared upon the platform in Freemason's Hall, to plead, in conjunction with William Wilberforce and others, the cause of slave emancipation, and when he had the testimony of that great orator himself to the brilliant part he took on the occasion. Yet the *Observer*, though it notices the meeting, says not a word of that address; and the readers of this journal, if unapprized of the fact in any other way, could have never dreamt that the son of its editor had so figured in that day's proceedings. Now, surely this silence is a speaking one, and tells us that the father was too wise to make his own periodical the trump of his son's fame. It would appear that the son, though he was

often baffled, as I hear, in his attempts to induce the *Observer* to accept his contributions, yet was modestly content, at least, on one occasion, to do a servant's office for it,—"hewing wood and drawing water" for a journal that was silent of his praise.

Mr Zachary Macaulay was one of the early friends of Hannah More, and one of the most intimate. His lady appears to have been a pupil of her sisters when they kept a school at Bristol. He was her constant referee, and took a kind and friendly interest in her pecuniary concerns. He was one of her sister Martha's executors. Her correspondence with him, as far as I am in possession of it, extends through a period of more than thirty years; and he was in the habit, it appears, of communicating with her very frequently on the state of public affairs. She was evidently a diligent and admiring reader of his periodical, and the various articles inserted there are often noticed in the correspondence.

LETTERS OF HANNAH MORE

TO

ZACHARY MACAULAY, ESQ.

BATH, *January* 14, 1796.

DEAR SIR,—I have only two minutes to say that we look forward to the hope of seeing Mr and Mrs Babington and you, on Monday next, with no small pleasure. It would add very much to our satisfaction could we have secured to ourselves the society of the whole little party under our own roof, but these inhospitable town-houses deny one such a pleasant privilege. My merry sister (I need not add that I mean Sally) has been upon the scout ever since your letter came, to look for lodgings; hitherto with little success—Bath being full, crowded, running over. The Queen's birthday, however, being luckily that which you have fixed upon for coming, there is little doubt but many neighbouring apart-

ments will, on that day, be emptied of their inhabitants, and you may depend on our securing some place of reception for you on Monday night, either more or less eligible, as chance may allow.

At all events you must drive straight hither on Monday, as we probably shall not be able to secure an apartment till that day, or the preceding one, and of course shall not be able to send you word where you are to be set down. You will, I hope, pass that evening, and your following days, with us; and we will try that your lodging may be as near us as possible, though perhaps not quite as near as we could wish.

I am grieved to hear the accounts of Mr M. Babington are so little favourable.

Miss Mills* has been busy at work transcribing your *Communicant*, as I have not only been well worked, but much indisposed, myself. We much approve what you have done, but have ventured to abridge in a few instances. Pray don't forget to bring her previous performance, as I daresay she would be miserable to have it lost, and I must return the manuscript.

* The future Mrs Macaulay.

Rather discouraging accounts of Miss Harriet Lester. Our friend Henry Thornton is hard at work at some Prayers.

Our whole party join in best respects to your amiable society.—I am, dear Sir, in great haste, your obliged and faithful

H. More.

The next two letters were addressed to Mr Macaulay, as governor of Sierra Leone. To this important post he appears to have been appointed by the Sierra Leone Company, who were, at that time, in possession of the settlement. It was not till January 1808 that, on the dissolution of the company, it was transferred to the crown. These two letters are dated as far back as 1796 and 1797. They have a peculiar interest, arising from the after history and present circumstances of the eventful colony which was then under Mr Macaulay's jurisdiction. At the date of the first of these letters it had been but five years in existence, the land having been purchased of one of the native princes in 1791. Not a little curious is it to view this memorable settlement in its earliest beginnings, and

to contrast its precarious condition sixty-four years ago with its subsequent prosperity, and with its present missionary triumphs. It was not till about ten years after the date of these letters that the Church Missionary Society entered on the field of Western Africa. This was its earliest attempt, and sorely were its faith and patience exercised, both in commencing and in carrying it on. A year or two appear to have elapsed before they could meet with any labourers to undertake the harvest, and when, at length, after looking vainly to the clergy of this country, they had secured the services of foreigners, their faith was put to twelve years' further trial before their first fruits were gathered in. After labouring that space of time amongst the Susus and the Bulloms, they commenced in 1816 their Sierra Leone Mission. There was *then*, as it appears, not a single adult negro in that settlement who was a trophy of the gospel. There are *now*, in the Sierra Leone colony alone—not to speak of the adjoining spheres of labour—no fewer than 3600 who are regular communicants; and of the ordained missionaries who labour in this district under the auspices of the society,

eight are native Africans. Nor is the blessing wherewith it has pleased God to crown this much-tried mission confined to the settlement itself. It is a hive which has sent out many swarms; and from a land where once the preaching of the Cross might have appeared a hopeless failure, has now sounded out the word of God to many a surrounding region. It has been the early grave, indeed, of many missionaries; and, few as the years have been since an episcopate was first established there, three excellent devoted bishops have been cut off prematurely by its trying climate. Yet, who that reflects upon the "wilderness" that has been made "glad for them," and upon the desert which God has made through them to "rejoice and to blossom as the rose," can think their lives were vainly wasted on its cultivation?

There are a few facts connected with the history of this extraordinary mission which are surely no trifling indications of the blessing that has followed it. The objects of instruction there, as it is of course well known, are a negro population, a great portion of whom have been rescued from the slave-ships, degraded both in mind and body, to the

greatest conceivable extent. There is now among these people an Auxiliary Missionary Association, which, as it appears from the last Annual Report of the society, raised the sum of £119, 4s. 1d., in furtherance of that gospel by which they themselves have been so happily evangelised. Nay, there is one instance of their liberality upon record which cannot but remind us of 2 Cor. ix. 14. I refer to the fact of their having contributed nine-and-twenty pounds, a few years since, towards the erection of a church in a forlorn outcast district of the parish of Lambeth.

It was asserted many years ago, in the lectures of a great anatomist, that for a negro ever to become "a religious animal" was a physical impossibility, —that the "retreating forehead and the depressed vertex of the dark-coloured varieties of man made him strongly doubt whether they are susceptible of these high destinies—whether they are capable of understanding and appreciating the doctrines and the mysteries of our religion." "These obstacles," he observed, "will, I fear, be too powerful for missionaries and bible societies, for Bell and Lancaster schools." The Church Missionary Records

are now able to relieve that eminent surgeon of his doubts and of his fears. They not only acquaint us with a staff of negro clergy whose godly and consistent walk is a matter of some years' experience, but they present us with their journals; and, were some of these journals to be read promiscuously with those of European missionaries, the hearer, I think, might be very safely challenged to say which proceeded from the negro pen.

As an interesting contrast to the sentiments of those who would fain deny the negro the claims and rights of human nature, I am tempted to extract a touching passage from a letter of the late Sir Fowell Buxton to Hannah More, which never, I believe, has seen the light:—"I am very glad that you were so much pleased with the memoir of my dear sister Priscilla. I forget whether, in my letter relating to her, I stated what took place a few hours before her death. She sent for me, took me by the hand, and was beginning to speak, when she was seized with a convulsive cough, which shook her weak frame dreadfully. I made several attempts to retire; but she kept fast hold of my hand. This lasted half an hour. At length,

finding her strength entirely exhausted, she made a sign for me to put my ear to her lips. I did so, when she slowly and emphatically said, "The poor dear slaves, that is it; remember the poor dear slaves!"

BATH, *January* 30, 1796.

DEAR SIR,—Having just received an intimation from Mr Thornton that a ship is on the point of sailing for your colony, I snatch up my pen hastily lest I should reproach myself for having added this to my many lost opportunities of writing you a line. I had the pleasure of getting a letter from you dated September 29, and it gave us all no small satisfaction to find that you were comfortable as regards health. But indeed we feel not a little for you in other respects. To be "in perils oft," nay in constant dread of an attack from your horrible old visitors, is, indeed, a heavy addition to the inconveniences and sufferings to which the nature of your situation so peculiarly exposes you. I hope, however, that before this reaches you, you will have been, at least, tolerably secured from your French

assailants by the protection of the British squadron. And I earnestly hope that it may please God to defend you from the other dangers of your situation. The ubiquity of the Divine presence is the only true support, and I am sometimes astonished how persons, who evidently do not possess that grand source of consolation, keep up their spirits under trials and difficulties. It must be owing to careless tempers and nerves of brass.

Selina,* I trust, will have told you all that has passed. Mr and Mrs Babington † favoured us with their company at Cowslip Green, and the former was so kind as to visit our schools, and assisted us, in his pious and masterly manner, in our instructions. Mrs B. seems again, at this time, to be restored to her usual measure of health. Mr H. Thornton, as I presume you know, expects to be a father in a few weeks. As this event will add to the cares and duties both of himself and his excellent wife, I earnestly hope it may add to their comforts also.

Patty and I did not close our campaign till near

* Afterwards Mrs Macaulay.

† Mrs Babington was the sister of Mr Zachary Macaulay.

Christmas. It has pleased God to bless our labours very signally in the last summer. The new school, which you remember we used to call "Botany Bay," has prospered beyond our hopes.* I desire to feel humility and gratitude when I say, that among the many who I hope are beginning to turn from darkness to light, I may add that no small number of them have been actually tried for capital crimes.

I owe much to the zeal, the kindness, and the accuracy of Mr Babington in his conduct on the subject of the *Cheap Repository*. On going to town he promised me to take M. in hand, and he has, in effect, more than fulfilled his promise; and I do believe his judicious investigations of Marshall's neglect, and other faults, will produce some outward reformation, at least, in his management. The circulation of the tracts continues to be very extensive,†

* This was a school established, by the request of the minister and churchwardens, at Blagdon in Somerset, but where their charitable labours were afterwards rewarded with obloquy and slander; proceeding, too, from a quarter whence it was least to have been looked for. Mrs M. observes, in a published letter to Mr Macaulay of about this date, "I feel, when I am there, as if I were queen of Botany Bay."

† These were her Cheap Repository Tracts, which far exceed most of our modern ones, in their adaptation to the understand-

and I think, upon the whole, that the Institution gains, rather than loses, ground. I doubt not our London friends will be careful to furnish you with a supply; which expectation prevents my doing it.

The account you give of the state of your schools and of the progress of religion is, indeed, a very cheering one. Though, for a time, "the fig-tree may not blossom," and other circumstances of external prosperity may be withheld, yet, blessed be God! the bounds of the Redeemer's kingdom are enlarging, and you, perhaps, are the honoured instrument, together with your excellent Mr Clark, towards accomplishing that prophecy, that "the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts."

I have had the great comfort of Mr Wilberforce's company at Bath for near three weeks, and the greater comfort of seeing that the waters have been very salutary to him. May his very important life and services be long preserved to a world which wants them! But none of his services can be so important as his example. He goes on treading the path of glory, and honour, and immortality. I go

ings and the reading abilities of our rustic poor. Two millions of them were sold in the first year of publication!

to town next month, if it please God, where I hope to have the profit and pleasure of meeting our excellent friends, forming a rich little group together!

Cowslip Green, *Sept.* 8, 1797.

Dear Sir,—I had the pleasure of receiving your kind letter, dated the 1st of June, and, a few days after, the additional satisfaction of hearing by Mr Gray more minute details of you and your goings on than can be attained by any means except personal communication. On the whole I think I drew as favourable conclusions from his reports as could reasonably be expected. If your colony can keep its ground and barely subsist in these troublous times, one may hope that, through the mercy of that God who has hitherto supported it under such trying circumstances, it may become flourishing, should the blessing of peace ever be restored to us. Your own account of the internal state, especially as to what relates to the education of the children, is, however, that part of the history from which I derive most pleasure, and on which I build the most solid hopes. From this grain of

mustard-seed may it please the Divine Husbandman to raise up such a tree that all the sons and daughters of Africa may, in after ages, be refreshed under its shadow! To educate the infant natives in the doctrines and practice of Christianity always struck me as the most natural and probable means of extending the Redeemer's kingdom. No other missionaries are so likely to possess the language of the country in so complete a manner as to be enabled, with equal success, to accomplish this good end.

I am truly glad to find that your health at present is as tolerable as one has a right to expect, considering to what inconveniences it is exposed. I, however, am myself a proof that one may be a great sufferer in health and nerves without visiting the trying climates of the tropics. I am subject to such frequent and inexpressibly severe attacks of headache, especially after every Sunday or other day's exertion, that I am generally obliged to lie by two or three days in a week. I bless God, however, that, as soon as the pain is off, I return to my work without repining, thankful, I trust, that it pleases Him to allow me still to do *anything*,

though with a great mixture of sin and imperfection, for the promotion of His glory. Our schools, and clubs, and societies, I am willing to hope, continue to flourish, though our success is attended with this inconvenience, that our labours increase in proportion as our ability to labour seems to decline; for Patty, as well as myself, is a considerable sufferer. Yet we have both good intervals, and have far more cause for thankfulness than for complaint.

I have not seen Selina lately; but Mrs Thatcher is here at present on a short visit, and to-morrow I expect Mr Jarrett and his sister, and Mr Farish from Cambridge, to pay a visit to our schools. Selina, I suppose, told you that Mr Wilberforce brought his bride down here almost immediately after their marriage. He was resolved to make her set out with an act of humility, by bringing her to pass her bridal Sunday in my cottage and at my schools. She is a pretty, pleasing, pious young woman, and I hope will make him happy. His admirable book* you are, doubtless, in possession of

* The reader need scarcely be told that the book of Mr Wilberforce's here alluded to is his "Practical View of the Prevail-

before now. It has already reached the fourth edition, and, I thank God, has made its way into the houses of many who probably never read a serious book before. May it find its way into their hearts also! and may the same Spirit which guided the writer accompany the reader! You will have heard with concern the sudden death of Dr Clarke. What a picture of this uncertain world! The day that Mr W. carried down his bride to Hull he finds his brother-in-law a corpse!

I have just had a week's visit from Mr and Mrs Robert Thornton; I have also been in expectation of seeing Mr and Mrs Henry here; but the arrival of the Sierra Leone ship, an unexpected visit from old Mr Sykes, and, above all, the necessity of Mr Henry's sea-bathing, will, I fancy, operate together to prevent their coming. They have a sweet little girl. Mrs T. makes an admirable wife. He, as usual, over-works himself, and is not, I think, very stout, though certainly very happy.

We are very much obliged to you for your kind presents, which are not yet arrived. We shall be

ing Religious System of Professed Christians contrasted with Real Christianity."

delighted to see a specimen of Mrs Perth's confectionary talents, after having been used to consider her for her *intellectual accomplishments*, and in her talents for religious instruction. Pray remember us kindly to her, and tell her we desire her prayers for our schools. When I saw Mr Gray button up his coat and shiver at the cold as he walked with me up my garden in the month of August, I could but anticipate the sufferings of Mrs Perth and her daughter if they should come to England in winter.

I suppose I must not neglect to say a word of *Cheap Repository*. It has gone on very well indeed, and the bound volumes have had an extensive sale. I have, you will think, been pretty well worked this summer, when I tell you that, in addition to my village employments, I have often been driven to the necessity of furnishing the three monthly pieces myself. At Christmas the three volumes will be complete, when I promise myself a little cessation. Mr M. has never belied my first opinion of him, selfish, tricking, and disobliging from first to last. You know I had never a good opinion, and it has been gradually growing worse and worse.

I had lately a large order from Philadelphia for

tracts, by a Mr Cobbett.* He says that, among all the clubs, societies, and institutions which have abounded in America, not one has been attempted for the instruction of the common people. He is

* Who would have expected that this man would become, in course of time, *the* Mr Cobbett of Radical notoriety? A note which Mrs More received from him a little subsequently to this date, and on his return from America, is somewhat of a curiosity on account of his subsequent career:—

"Pall Mall, *October* 20, 1800.

"Madam,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst., and to beg you to accept of my best thanks for your obliging exertions in behalf of my paper.

"By the *hope* which you express respecting some books which you were so good as to order to be sent to me while I was in America, I am sorry to perceive that a letter which I wrote you from that country, in the month of February or March last past, has not reached you. In that letter I informed you of the great celebrity of your "Strictures" in America, where an edition had, by my request, been published from one of the copies that I received. I also mentioned to you the uncommon success of the Cheap Repository. The *six volumes* which you were so good as to order Messrs Rivingtons to send to me as a present, were taken and carried into France. But I have since received the six volumes from Messrs Rivingtons, and have sent them to my friends in America, to whom I had promised them.—I have the honour to remain, Madam, your much obliged and most obedient servant,

"William Cobbett.

"Mrs Hannah More, Cowslip Green.

"*P. S.*—Madam, should I go to Bath, I need not say that I shall not lose a moment in paying my respects to you. I passed

resolved to make this trial, if he can get support. President Washington has completed the dignity of his character by a wise retreat. He is covered with the laurels of war and the palms of peace; and I fancy he foresaw storms and tempests from which he was glad to withdraw himself. The new President is decidedly a friend to England and to peace; but he will have much tumult and opposition to struggle with. As to peace in this country, I begin almost to despair of it, chiefly from the consideration how little worthy we are of such a blessing. "Jeshurun hath waxed fat and kicked." Our sins seem precisely those of the devoted city of old,—"pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness." Dissipation and vanity descend with rapid strides, and our farmers' daughters are as idle, as elegant, and as expensive (in their measure) as our duchesses; while this universal soldiership of fencibles and militia will

through that city in my way to Falmouth, and learnt, from Mr Hazard, that your residence was not in the city. My troublesome little ones prevented Mrs C. and myself from going to Bristol."

Mrs More adds, at the back of the letter, "This flatterer, on coming to England, joined Mr Bere's party, and became my mortal enemy."

make our farmers' sons as vicious as their betters, falsely so called.

A French baron, who was here the other day, was giving me an account of the new religion in France, the Theo-philanthropists. They affect to reject all the dogmas and absurdities (that is all the doctrines) of Christianity, but to adore one God, and to do good to mankind. In short, they mean to exhibit how superior Deism is to Christianity. They call themselves a theocracy, and will have no king but God. One of the five Directors is the inventor of this sect, which increases its members very fast as I hear. We shall soon have them.

My sisters all desire to be kindly remembered to you, with, dear Sir, your very sincere friend,

H. More.

When have I written so long a letter?

There is here a long gap in my MS. collection, and the next letter which I have to produce is dated nine years subsequently to the last. In the meanwhile, Mr Macaulay had returned from Africa, settled in London, married,* and in addition to his

* His lady, Selina, daughter of Mr Mills of Bristol, was, it may be remembered, the very intimate friend of Hannah More.

mercantile pursuits, was become the editor of the *Christian Observer*, a periodical which owed its birth to a discussion held by a clerical society on the evening of Feb. 4, 1799, on the proposal of the Rev. Josiah Pratt, the subject of which was as follows:—"How far might a periodical publication be rendered subservient to the interests of religion?" The objects Mr Pratt proposed to accomplish by such a publication were "to correct the false sentiments of the religious world, and to explain the principles of the Church;" in addition to which "religious communications" there were to be articles, miscellaneous and literary, reviews, a review of reviews, and historical events of month, with a particular reference to Providence.

Mr Pratt, it appears, was the original editor, though he relinquished his post in three months; and then he was succeeded by Mr Macaulay, who was sole editor for many years, except that he shared it for a month or two on two occasions with another temporary editor. In one of these instances, his colleague was Mr Robert Grant. "The nominal committee," observes Mr Macaulay, "were Pratt, Pearson, H. Thornton, Wilberforce, Charles Grant,

(the father,) John Venn, and myself. But, after the first year, there was little, or rather no interference, except in the way of criticism and suggestion, after papers appeared."

After some years, this admirable periodical passed into the hands of another able editor, who conducted it for a considerable time. It has devolved since on two successive editors, "whose praise is in all the churches," and will, it may be hoped, maintain its high religious and literary standing to the end.

Barley Wood, 1806.

My dear Sir,—Maugre all the reasoning of Lucas, backed by your own rhetoric, I maintain there is no such thing as *perfection*. Else, would you have left behind you a great bundle of letters, a pocket-handkerchief, and Sale's "Devotion?" To prove that there is, at least, *honesty* in the world, I restore to you all these treasures. That is, they are sent by the same conveyance which brings this note, to James's, to be left till called for. Will it be any gratification to know that you are extremely missed? I transferred the last night's reading to Isaiah, be-

cause we would not, by going on with the Romans, be made to feel how much we wanted our *commentator*. I have had, in my morning task of transcription, fresh pleasure in going over again the animated chapter you left with me.—Yours, very faithfully,

H. More.

1808.

My dear Sir,—You over-rate me by supposing me capable of reviewing Mr Fox's Life.* It requires an able politician and an accurate judge of historical composition. I am neither the one nor the other. I do not think the book exhibits good writing or good taste, two things which astonished me from so great a man, and so elegant a scholar, for I read without prejudice, or rather my prejudices (as far as composition goes) were on his side, and I experienced a woeful disappointment in the matter of pleasure. *My* doing it is out of the question.

Philalethes is as severe as an Edinburgh critic,

* The work of Mr Fox's here alluded to must have been his "History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II.," which was reviewed in the October number of the *Christian Observer* for 1808.

and quite as clever. There is great spirit in it, but it is much too cutting. I agree with him in many respects, but he goes too far, though I could also find much to blame in the object of his attack. This last is an entertaining C. O. (*Christian Observer*), but I have not yet found time to get through it. I have gained much strength by the sea-air, which has enabled me to resume my labours after two years' idleness. P. also is better; but this hot east wind is dreadful for us *liver* folks. You, I fear, feel it.—Yours, my dear Sir, very sincerely,

H. More.

The "Philalethes" to whom Mrs More alludes in the above letter wrote some strictures, under this signature, to the editor of the *Christian Observer* on a review, which had appeared in a previous number, of Bowdler's "Family Shakespeare." These strictures (though Mrs M. appears then not to have been aware of it) were the composition of that highly-gifted man, the Macaulay of a previous generation, Mr John Bowdler, jun., one whom she well knew and greatly valued. The paper, clever as it is, is very caustic, and not altogether very fair

towards the article it so unmercifully lashes. The fact is, there was some family feeling in the matter. It was a near and dear relation whose expurgated edition of Shakspeare had been rather roughly dealt with by the critic, and Mr Bowdler, jun., stood forth, as a kind of goel, to avenge the wrong. He complains of the ill-nature and pettishness of the reviewer; but there was evidently *some* pettishness discernible in his own excited pen. The reviewer had gone, perhaps, unwarrantable lengths in seeming to proscribe Shakspeare and the kindred dramatists to young persons of a very excitable and imaginative cast, as morally or spiritually dangerous; and though Mr Bowdler was probably correct in animadverting on that sentence, yet he argues (it may well be thought) too far in the opposite direction, and, at all events, caricatures and exaggerates the statements he opposes. The reviewer's observations on the novels of his day seem to be justly founded; and in our own time it can be hardly, I think, questioned that there are many works of this nature, standing in tempting files upon our railroad libraries, which are very ruinously read.

BARLEY WOOD, *June* 28, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,—We are just returned from a crawling tour* to Weymouth. P. and I, thank God, are both improved in health. But I have had such dreadful spasms in my head that I can scarcely write. I did not see your kind letter till I got home. J. M. is a constant source of apprehension to me. I dread lest there should be an explosion. I doubt his ever having had any regard for such *dull* virtues as truth and honesty.

I intended, when you have exhausted all your sponsors, to have offered myself to stand to the little new thing; but as the offer is probably made too late to be of any avail on the present occasion, you may bottle it up for the next, and I doubt not I shall be soon called upon, if I live so long.

Did you receive a message I sent you through H. Thornton? I think your penetration will be at no loss to know why I sent it through *him*, whom I had before taken to task for his extremely favourable treatment of Mr Fox. I must, however, make

* Such was the state of her health upon this journey that she could travel but one stage a-day.

the *amende honorable* of one of the gentlemen, who passed this gentle censure on the *Christian Observer*, that partiality to Mr Fox was the only fault he had ever seen in that valuable publication. The *amende* is that the passage I quoted in my letter to Henry Thornton, which this gentleman said was in the last *Christian Observer* but one, he has since, with much shame and sorrow, discovered was in *another* review. You will be glad to hear that this person, a very sensible clergyman in Wiltshire, who has been rather loose both in principle and practice, is growing serious, and his improvement is chiefly attributed to the *Christian Observer*. I told H. T., with great truth, that several other pious clergymen, sincere admirers, had really been hurt at the lenity shewn to Fox's vices, and to those of no other person. I promised to make this report faithfully.

I am grieved to hear how the Clapham Society is breaking up; but it is the age of revolutions.

I hope that Mrs M. has quite recovered her strength. Remember us kindly to her, and give my particular love to Tom. I am glad to perceive that his classicality has not extinguished his

piety. His hymns were really extraordinary for such a baby.

Patty looks sadly, but mends.—Yours, my dear Sir, very sincerely,

H. More.

It is hardly needful for me to observe that he who is here so familiarly alluded to, and whose hymns were so wonderful "for such a baby," was the very man who commanded afterwards "the applause of listening senates," and whose histories have been read with such rapturous approval by "a nation's eyes." As often as the familiar designation "Tom" occurs in the succeeding letters, (and the occurrence of it is continual,) the reader must remember that he is tracing Thomas Babington Macaulay from the bud to the full bloom.

In the *Christian Observer* for February 1809, an article appeared on Mrs H. More's "Cœlebs," and the reviewer not being in the secret of its authorship, mistook, as was natural enough, the sex of the composer. This very circumstance, however, must exempt from all suspicion of a bias the eulogy

which he bestows upon the work. And this eulogy is very warm. After noticing certain defects in the plan and execution, and objecting to two or three misconsidered phrases, "Yet how shall we find proper terms," he says, "in which to speak of its merits? The sentiments expressed in 'Cœlebs' are so congenial to those which we have ever approved and laboured to inculcate, that a eulogy passed on this writer would be a eulogy on ourselves. We must be content, therefore, to deny to ourselves the most pleasing of all offices, and leave the reader to collect our opinion from the general tenor of this article. Yet, if it were permitted us to express the feelings of delight, admiration, and gratitude, with which we have perused these volumes—delight in anticipating their usefulness, admiration at the genius and virtues of the author, and gratitude for the consecration of such talents to the cause of truth—the writer would not think us either jealous, or insensible of excellence." There was, however, one fly in this pot of ointment which took greatly from its savour; for an observation was made in the course of the article, which seemed to imply that the work was guilty, in one instance, of an offence

against strict moral delicacy. So, at least, it appeared to the highly-principled mind of the authoress, and when, therefore, her incognito was removed, she took an early opportunity of communicating to Mr Macaulay her feelings on the subject. Fearing, however, lest an expression in her letter should be misunderstood, she penned the following:—

BARLEY WOOD, *March* 8.

MY DEAR SIR—I seize the opportunity of saying that, in the hurry in which I wrote, I fear I have left an impression on your mind far from my intention. When I said it had been suggested that I should do well to desire to have the immodest passage pointed out to me in the *Christian Observer*, I carelessly forgot to make it plain that I was far from *intending* to do it. I would, on no account, take such a step; and those few friends whom I have seen I have desired to take no notice of it,—nor would I, on any account, have the disagreeable topic brought forward again. I, who never defended myself against my enemies, shall certainly not do it against my friends. I fear also that I neglected to say that I thought the praise

more, perhaps, than enough; but the truth is, my morality as a woman was so much more alive than my vanity as an author, that the charge of immodesty filled my mind, to the exclusion of all other considerations. Kind love to Mrs M., and to dear Tom.—Yours, dear Sir, very sincerely,

H. More.

In the succeeding number of the *Christian Observer* a paper will be found, wherein the apprehensions of the authoress of "Cœlebs" are endeavoured to be set at rest. "Nothing could be further from our thoughts," says the reviewer, "than an intimation that the work under review, either in this or any other part, contained a single expression offensive to morals. Indeed, the religious and moral principles inculcated in every page are so pure and sublime, that a misconstruction of that nature never occurred to us as possible; and we lament that the slightest opening should have been afforded to so unhappy a mistake. Since our review was printed, we find that the work has been acknowledged as the production of Mrs Hannah More's pen; and, if anything could enhance its

merit, it would be the circumstances of bodily pain and languor under which we understand it to have been composed. We avail ourselves of this opportunity to renew the expression of those 'feelings of delight, admiration, and gratitude with which we have perused these volumes:' and our prayer that the Father of all goodness would bless this work to His glory, in the advancement of piety and happiness."

BARLEY WOOD, *June* 9, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,—It was with much concern I heard of your indisposition. I heartily hope the sea-air has been the means of setting you up, and Mrs Macaulay also, and that the dear little poet has caught his share of bracing.

Now that the debates are getting to an end, my sisters will be satisfied with a three times a-week paper. Can you recommend any good paper of that description? We should like the *St James's Chronicle;* but it arrives on a Sunday, and is stale by the next day, when we read it. If you know no-

thing better, we will, if you please, return to the little old-fashioned *London Chronicle.*

You would hardly imagine how severely I have felt the Bishop of London's death, considering how reasonably it was to be expected. But the dissolution of a warm and zealous friendship of thirty years is no slight sorrow.*

Tell Tom I desire to know how "Olaus" goes on. The sea, I suppose, furnished him with some new images.

We have had a very sick house, but are mending. Myself always poorly.

What a dark and disordered world is it, whichever way we look!

With kind love to Mrs M., in which the family joins, I am ever, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,

H. More.

I congratulate you all on Miss Babington's marriage.

* The Bishop here alluded to is Dr Porteus, who died during the preceding month, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

April 1810.

My dear Sir,—I slip a line or two into Mr R. Thornton's letter, to say I am sorry you had so much trouble in making out the little account. . . . I have really been concerned at teazing you with these *petty* matters; in greater ones I shall make no scruple. . . .

We were much interested with Mrs Macaulay's report of the christening; but I think it very hard upon the poor babe to be obliged to carry about such an ugly name with her all the days of her life.* May she be a child of God!

My own health continues bad, and Patty's experiences frequent interruptions. I hope you will at some time put your intention into practice, and bring Tom to visit us. I do not find he has got his "Lusiad." Our love to him and his mother.

Mr Stephen is quite our hero of this winter. How manly, dignified, and eloquent was his speech about lawyers taking debates! I think him quite a *first-rater*.

* Alluding, doubtless, to the infant daughter of Mr Macaulay being christened "Hannah More."

The four small majorities on the great question look as if ministers would keep their heads above water a little longer.—Yours, my dear Sir, very sincerely,

H. More.

I hope sweet Miss Babington that was, goes on happily.

[*Fragment.*]

Barley Wood, *July* 8, 1811.

I have sent the other half of the enclosed letter through Mr Steven. We were thankful for the gentle dismission of poor Hannah, who, I trust, is at rest. May we be prepared to follow her!

We were all happy to see Mrs Macaulay looking so well. Love to dear Tom. Tell him he must apply hard to business, and that of a sober and severe cast. He must be very neat, and improve his hand-writing, as qualifications for repeating his visit to Barley Wood. You need not add a part of

my message, though it is very true, that he is a jewel of a boy. Tell him I shall expect his letter.

I am glad the Royal Duke conducted himself so well at Cambridge; but I think the preachers must be little better than idiots to choose such an occasion for preaching about Calvinism, if the papers say true.—Yours, dear Sir, very truly,

H. M.

The circumstance alluded to in the close of this letter was, of course, the installation of the Duke of Gloucester as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, which took place on the 29th of June, 1811. It is said in the records of the day that, after the Latin oration of the public orator, "his Highness rose from his seat, and replied in a very elegant and appropriate speech, which was received with unbounded applause."

The following undated letter belongs, I believe, to the same year and month as the last, and the "charges" Mrs More alludes to, were those, I con-

ceive, of the *Monthly Review* against her "Practical Piety:"—

My dear Sir,—I have been, and still am, so much worse than usual, that I desired Mrs Macaulay to prepare you for the enclosed packet. I am afraid it carries evident marks of the extreme pain under which it was written. You will have the goodness to correct tautologies, verbal errors, &c. I hope it will arrive in time for insertion. If you object to it, or fear it may offend any friend of yours, you will be so good as to return it immediately. I have another channel for making it public, but I have two reasons for preferring the *Christian Observer*; first, because I think it more fair and honourable, and next, because I should be very unwilling to print anything in any other periodical work. It must, if you please, be in next month, or not at all.* I cannot be accused of want of fair-

* Probably the latter portion of the article on "Practical Piety" in the *Christian Observer* for September 1811, which is an elaborate defence of the authoress against the attacks of the *Monthly Review*, may be, at least in substance, the paper here alluded to as supplied by Mrs More to Mr Macaulay for insertion in the approaching number of his periodical. I am apt to think, from internal evidence, that so it is.

ness in answering the review before it is completed, because I only pretend to answer to charges already brought. Selina, I trust, told you my earnest wish to have it a profound secret, but if you feel it necessary to consult some one friend, it must be only Mr Wilberforce, and he, I doubt, is too busy.

Mrs Macaulay was in as good health and spirits as I ever saw her. And I really congratulate you on possessing such a charming boy. I have scarcely ever met with so fine a capacity, joined to such a lively yet tractable temper. I am sorry they could not make their visit longer than their week.

I hope, if it please God, I may be better before we have the pleasure of seeing you here, which we reckon upon.—Yours, dear Sir, very sincerely,

H. More.

I have been considerably worse since Mrs M. left us, but I am better to-day. I could have much improved the arrangement.

B. Wood, *July* 13.

B. Wood, 1811.

My dear Sir,—Being just setting off from home for a few days, I write a hurrying line. I have ventured, though with some doubt, to send Sir W. P.'s letter. I cast myself, however, on your discretion and delicacy. I ought to say the truth, that out of near a hundred letters I have had on the subject, there were only two controversial; each in the two extremes of opinion. The others were uniform, and too warm, approbation as to sentiments. I think it would be better not to defend me against the high Calvinistic objections, as, after all, when Biddulph came to explain himself, there were but three, one of which consisted only of the word "perhaps." In order not to look conceited, I omitted or softened the two others in the fifth edition now printing. Now, as you are known to have been here just at the time, and that, of course, I should mention it, it might look personal, and those men are all so much better than I am that I would not give them offence. It is odd enough, that the very gay people, such as our own bishop and his wife, with a hundred others, extol

the book, while the half religious, like Sir W., are most hurt at it. I return a piece of your own letter, in case you should like to answer it in that general way. I think the dissertation on what is called Methodism, at the opening of the critique of the new *British Review*, is very valuable, and sets their own standard and views much higher than one could have hoped.—Yours ever,

H. M.

As the dissertation just alluded to has been pronounced "very valuable" by such a competent authority, I trust I shall not be thought guilty of indulging in mere filial vanity if I introduce it to my readers, although I am the son of him from whose pen it has proceeded. I will just observe beforehand, that the passage occurs in a critique of my father's upon "Practical Piety," and that he was then but a writer in the *Review* of which he afterwards became the editor :—

"The Methodist has done harm to the Established Church, but the term *Methodist* has been infinitely more successful against the cause of religion itself. The forges of the Philistines never

sharpened a weapon of more destructive effect against the people of God. It has a magic, irresistible force, independent of the hand which employs it. Women and children, and beaux and apprentices, are sturdy polemics with this weapon in their hands, and victorious over truth, and reason, and Scripture. Has any man the fear or hope of what is to happen to him hereafter present to his thoughts, and impressed on his behaviour? has he the boldness to maintain the character of a Christian, and to carry the injunctions of Christianity into the practice of life, with whatever sobriety, consistency, and modesty? Call him but 'a Methodist,' and every 'fat, unthinking face' brightens into malicious meaning; a shade at once envelops every virtue which belongs to him, and every profligate fool that listens to the charge exults in the contrast between himself and the hypocrite.

"To represent every appearance of devotion in the conduct of a Christian as an indication of Methodism, is a libel upon our church communion, without being intended as any compliment to those who dissent from it. The real object is to degrade

that practical piety which is the subject of these volumes. While religion preserves that distance which her enemies would assign to her, while she languishes in her Sabbath of secluded ease, or confines herself, within the porch and the academy, to fruitless speculation, without venturing her footsteps on the threshold of social life, she may live unmolested in a sort of holy sufferance; but if she descends into the busy walks of men, if she crosses the paths of pleasure, if she casts her bitters into the chalice of debauchery, or frowns upon the licentious levities of the tongue, the dread of her interference, like the alarm of invasion, unites the mass against her, and every voice is raised in unison to brand her with Methodism, saintship, and hypocrisy. When shall we have a truce from this stupidest of all cants, this most childish and mischievous nonsense? Not, certainly, until the well-born and the well-educated will learn to distinguish between rational piety and raving zeal, between a religious life and the shallow pretence of religion, and leave to vulgar witlings the dangerous and intolerant practice of charging with hypocrisy every characteristic of devotion, and assuming, as the test

of a schismatic departure from our church, that practical holiness of life which is the *specific* result of its doctrines.

"That no church or communion was ever so well framed to propagate not only the spirit but the works of piety as our own, will be readily admitted by those who best understand its economy and its history; but yet it seldom produces its natural fruits without subjecting him whose conduct bears testimony to its excellence to a coarse and ignorant charge of Methodism, with which is usually coupled the imputation of hypocrisy. If this pernicious habit were confined to persons of unripe years, to minds unmellowed by thought or experience, to mere men of the world, to the trifling, the vicious, or the profane, our reflections upon it would be less painful; but unhappily the propensity to this practice has, of late, extended itself to classes of much higher respectability, and has insensibly betrayed the judgment of men of real worth and eminence. It is a plain and ordinary rule that actions, and even professions, which have the resemblance of good in them should be charitably and favourably interpreted. On what principle of

justice, then, is the display of religion, in the only way in which it can be sensibly demonstrated, to be turned, without further evidence, into a charge of hypocrisy? for such, surely, is the meaning and effect of the term Methodism, when applied to those who, without any of the presumptuous pretensions which distinguish that sect, endeavour to embody their religion in their conduct, and to plead for its introduction into life and society with the visible rhetoric of their example.

"It is surely a very obvious duty (and one whose obligation on other questions of conduct we are ready enough to acknowledge) to consider what is the proper and specific test of hypocrisy, before we cast upon any man so opprobrious an imputation. Consistency and constancy are the only candid and appropriate tests for trying the sincerity of religious professions, and, however wild and fanatical these professions may be, we have no right to arraign them of hypocrisy, unless we can found the charge on some overt acts of incongruity and contradiction. The grossest excesses of fanaticism may be sincere; while a conduct conformed to the dictates of the soundest discretion may conceal disposi-

tions of a very opposite character, which wait only to be unmasked by opportunity."

These observations were occasioned by the fact, that in the days of Hannah More people even of her sober piety were stigmatised as Methodists, and placed, as such, under the interdict of the fashionable world. Times, doubtless, are greatly changed since then; the term *Methodist* is in more sparing use; and the doctrines branded with that name in the former generations are in ours not unfrequently adopted by the gay and worldly-minded as the truths of their own creed; but men who *live* the gospel of Christ Jesus, as well as hold its doctrines *intellectually*, are still, and ever *will* be, the world's scorn. It will still have its titles of reproach for them, and still render it the test of their profession to be "not of the world."

In the year 1812, it became a serious question with Lord Macaulay's father whether it would be advisable or otherwise to send him to a public school, he having hitherto, it seems, been home-educated. There was some idea, as it appears, of placing him at Westminster, and it is no little proof

of the confidence which Mr Macaulay reposed in the judgment of his friend at Barley Wood, that he consulted her on this occasion. Her answer was as follows:—

BARLEY WOOD, *Aug.* 7, 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,—I snatch the occasion of Mr R. Grant being here to convey a line under his cover, so that it must be a hurrying one. As far as my poor judgment goes, it appears to me that, if all other things can be brought to suit, you cannot do better than adopt the plan of which you have conceived the idea, of removing to Westminster for the purpose of placing Tom at school there *by day*. It is only with this limitation that I should think it a safe measure. Throwing boys headlong into those great public schools always puts me in mind of the practice of the Scythian mothers, who threw their new-born infants into the river;—the greater part perished; but the few who possessed great natural strength, and who were worth saving, came out with additional vigour from the experiment. Yours, like Edwin, "is no vulgar boy," and will require attention in proportion to his great superiority of

intellect and quickness of passion. He ought to have competitors. He is like the prince who refused to play with anything but kings.

Such a place as Westminster School (with the safety of the paternal hearth during all the intervals of study) will tie down his roving mind, and pin his desultory pursuits to a point. At present, conscious that he has no rival worthy to break a lance with him, he may not pursue the severer parts of study with sufficient ardour, sure as he must be of comparative success. Next to religion, there is no such drill to the mind, no such tamer, as the hard study and discipline of these schools. In all other respects, I think sufficiently ill of them. Nor would I, for all the advantages which the intellect may obtain, throw his pure and uncorrupted mind into such a scene of danger. Your having him to sleep at home, as well as to inspect in the evening, will, with the blessing of God, protect him from all mischief of this sort. I never saw any one bad propensity in him ;—nothing except natural frailty and ambition, inseparable, perhaps, from such talents and so lively an imagination. He appears sincere, veracious, tender-hearted, and affectionate. I observed *you* have a great ascendancy over him.

Your presence restrained the vehemence of his eloquence, without shutting up his frankness or impairing his affection. You are quite his oracle. I trust you will always preserve this influence. I observe with pleasure that, though he was quite wild till the ebullitions of his muse were discharged, he thought no more of them afterwards than the ostrich is said to do of her eggs after she has laid them.

Our love to Mrs M. and Tom, and pray tell the latter that the huntsman, or whipper-in, I am not certain which, of Childe Hugh is actually dead of the injury he received from falling into the cauldron in which he boils the meat for the hounds. If he was, as we are told, the instrument of Sir Hugh's vengeance, it is a very awful providence. I suppose your young bard will lay hold of it for a second *fit*. I wish he would correct the other, and send it me in a legible (form). Tell him I have been dining at Mr Davis's: * and he is to dine here on Friday. I have told him what a champion Tom is in his cause. I read to him Tom's fable, which I enclose.—Yours, my dear Sir, very sincerely,

H. More.

Whilst Mr Macaulay's decision on this weighty

* Mr Hart Davis, M.P. for Bristol.

point was still hanging in suspense, or unknown, at least, to Mrs More, the following letter on other matters was addressed to him from Barley Wood:—

BARLEY WOOD, *September* 21, 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose a one pound subscription from Mrs Quincey to your Homily Society.* Pray tell Tom I thank him for his letter, and if I ever live to get out of my present bondage to my book,† I will answer him. But he must not wait for an answer from me when he has anything to communicate. I do not find he has been to Hatchard's for a *book* yet. He could not determine his choice when here. He is not to be circumscribed in anything within two guineas; but I wish he would condescend to read a little prose. ‡ Have

* The Prayer-book and Homily Society was instituted this year, and held its first meeting, May 20th, at the Freemasons' Tavern. The lady who is here mentioned as sending her subscription to it, appears to have been the mother of one of those bright lights of the literary world who have so lately disappeared from it—Thomas de Quincey. She is said, by a correspondent of the *Record*, to have been an excellent woman, and the intimate friend of Hannah More.

† "Christian Morals."

‡ It is rather curious to find that one of the most accomplished prose writers of our days should then have felt so little relish for this mode of composition.

you come to any determination respecting a school for him?

We have had, at last, the great pleasure of a visit from your friend Cunningham, but it was a very short one, on his way with Charles Hoare from the Gloucester Bible meeting. You certainly have not over-rated his talents, or his agreeableness—the latter, exhibited in his pleasant manners and animated conversation—the former, in his most vigorous and spirited and decisive answer to Maltby; a book which is itself so bad that I think it can do no harm, and may probably do great good by calling out so very admirable an answer.*

* The work of Dr Maltby here alluded to, is entitled "Thoughts on the Utility and Expediency of the Plans proposed by the British and Foreign Bible Society." It is one of the many pamphleteering attacks to which that Society was subjected in its younger and less established years. Dr M. was wiser, it seems, than the great Author of the Bible, who bade men search His Scriptures indiscriminately; for he undertook to pick out of the sacred volume "the books that were calculated for the study or comprehension of the unlearned." These were, according to him, but seven in the Old Testament, and not above eleven in the New. The books which had his imprimatur, as not containing passages "likely to produce material error or objection" to persons of the class above described, were "Genesis, Exodus, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Isaiah, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts, First Timothy, Titus, Philemon, Epistle of James, First Peter, First John."

I go on writing most when I am in the worst health, and wasting my better hours on a succession of company, of which there seems to be no end.

Charles Hoare and his wife are coming again to-day, for the second time, to stay a few days with us. Love to Mrs Macaulay and Tom.—Yours, dear Sir, very faithfully,

H. More.

Barley Wood, *November* 10, 1812.

My dear Sir,—Patty intended to-day to have answered Mrs M.'s kind letter received only last night; but, as I fear her bad eyes and other impediments may prevent her, I snatch up my pen to say how delighted I was with Tom's verses. They are all good; but the stanza beginning with "In pride he rose," &c., is absolutely fine. I shewed them to Charles Hoare and the younger Cunningham, who were much pleased with them. They did not seem to have seen before any specimens of his genius.

My health has been bad, almost without any

interval, so that in the last thirteen months I have been confined ten. I thank God, however, that an inflammation in my eyes, which for some time consigned me to darkness and total idleness, is removed. As to mere pain, I write on just the same as to *quantity* as if I had it not. The reader, I fear, will find that I was bad enough, if he judge from the effect. Good or bad, however, the first volume is printed, and I hope the whole will be done about Christmas—and then *I bid the world good night.* Would it not be well to announce it in your list of new publications expected, if it be customary? Not else. "Christian Morals," in two small 8vos, by H. M.

I have been a little hindered by my endeavours to promote a far better work. An obscure Quaker has laboured with uncommon, and I hope successful assiduity, towards forming an auxiliary Bible society for this county. He has worked his difficult way with a degree of ability, discretion, and excellent sense, that have made me quite in love with him. He desires all Dissenters to keep, as becomes them, in the back-ground, and will not stir a step if the clergy and other Churchmen do not

take the lead. The meeting, which is to be late in this month, is a sad time of year; but he is afraid people will cool if he gives them till spring to deliberate. Our Bishop, a staunch *Christian Knowledger*, approves not of these innovations; but requests that all his clergy will act with independent minds. The clergy of the greater part of Somersetshire are dead and buried, but I have engaged to send him twelve or fifteen from Bristol and its neighbourhood. As poor Owen is put under an interdict, I am stirring up Charles Hoare to come and speechify. I want to see his and Cunningham's Gloucester speeches, which I hear were excellent.

Hall has out-done himself at Bristol—sixteen clergymen went of a night. It was transcendant; the reasoning of Barrow, joined to the splendour of Jeremy Taylor. Alas! I never heard him!

The *State-prayers* in the last *Observer* delighted me. It expressed so exactly all I had felt that I cried out, "Surely I wrote it myself." Kind love to Mrs M. and Tom. Tell the latter, *Davis for ever!*

We were getting very low about public affairs, but Mr Addington yesterday rekindled our hopes. Adieu, my dear Sir.—Yours very sincerely,

H. More.

The reference here is to a clever article in the *Christian Observer* for October 1812 on the occasional State-prayers, with the signature of "Monitor." The writer animadverts in very forcible terms on the feebleness, flatness, and manifold improprieties of language and sentiment of the state formularies of that day. The form of prayer which was imposed upon the clergy that year on the day of public acknowledgment for the victory of Salamanca, was as remarkable for the bathos of its composition as for the questionableness of the sentiments it breathed. As a specimen of the first, it will be only needful to quote its introductory petition:—"Gracious God, accept, we implore Thee, the praises and thanksgivings of a grateful nation for the successes Thou hast repeatedly vouchsafed to the allied army, in Portugal and Spain, and especially for the signal victory recently obtained in the neighbourhood of Salamanca." "O the climax!" exclaims the writer of the article, "*In the neighbourhood of Salamanca!*"

In a former volume of the *Christian Observer* (vol vi. pp. 5–14) there is a curious account of a colloquy between Dr Beattie the poet and his late

Majesty King George III. "When I told him," says Dr Beattie, "that the Scots clergy sometimes prayed a quarter, or even half an hour at a time, he asked whether that did not lead them into repetitions. I said it often did. 'That,' said he, 'I don't like in prayers; and, excellent as our liturgy is, I think it is somewhat faulty in that respect.' 'Your Majesty knows,' said I, 'that three services are joined in one in the ordinary church service, which is one cause of those repetitions.' 'True,' he replied, 'and that circumstance also makes the service too long.' From this he took occasion to speak of the composition of the Church Liturgy, on which he very justly bestowed the highest commendation. 'Observe,' his Majesty said, 'how flat those occasional prayers are in comparison with the old ones.'"

By this time Mr Macaulay, swayed, perhaps, in part, by the reasons Hannah More suggested, had abandoned the idea of Westminster as a place of education for his son, and had placed him under the more private tuition of the Rev. M. M. Preston, the late much-respected Vicar of Cheshunt; but who was at that time officiating at Shelford near Cam-

bridge, from which he afterwards removed, with his pupils, to Aspeden Hall, Herts. Mr Preston was the intimate friend of the Rev. C. Simeon, and the clerical meetings at which Mr Simeon presided were held, as it appears, at his house. A highly interesting view of them, drawn by Mr Preston's pen, may be found in Carus's "Life of Simeon." In *Macmillan's Magazine* for February 1860, there is a short but graphic sketch, given by a fellow-pupil, of Macaulay's appearance and manner at this school. He is described there as a youth of large head, pallid countenance, and stooping gait, indisposed to youthful sports, but finding his principal amusement in penning or reciting verses.

The following letter of Hannah More to his father was written, as it seems, on his first return home. It is dated August 1813 :—

. . . . Tom's "Moscow" is as good, and perhaps more faultless than any of his preceding verses. I did not invite him this year out of pure consideration, it being so long a journey quite another way; and I conceived his fond parents would be

glad to have him to themselves after this first separation. I hope Mrs Macaulay is quite recovered. I was sorry that the illness of both prevented our meeting in my transit through Clapham.

Mrs Stephen and her daughter have been with us near a fortnight. The former is, I think, in most respects, much as she was five-and-twenty years ago. It was a real disappointment that Mr Stephen, who is a great favourite of mine, could not accompany them. I wish Mrs Macaulay could have made a third. We could have squeezed her out a hammock.

The widow Thatcher and James are spending the day here. Miss Mills is gratifying her taste in rambling, for months together, through scenes which I have all my life regretted I never could afford to visit, and I am sure I shall never be able to spare a sum sufficient for such indulgences.

Among our various guests, Mrs Siddons has spent a couple of days with us. Too many persons were present both times to allow of much interesting conversation. I could only say a few words occasionally in a whisper; but I expect her again. I gave her a book or two. She seems to

have a piously turned mind. She has set up family prayer, and, I believe, reads her Bible daily. She has read (but don't mention it) my last book four times. Her acquaintance are very unfavourable to her progress, and it is a perilous thing to have been fed on acclamations. Yet I have a good hope of her.

The Bishop of Bristol, who is now there, has borne a strong testimony in favour of Dean Milner and Mr Dealtry in the Bible business. What an awful coincidence, that the Bishop of London should have died within a day of Dealtry's honourable establishment at Clapham! If you *must* lose Venn, how happy are you to have got Dealtry!

On Friday we are to have a meeting to establish a Bible Society of our own at Wrington. I am busy in writing notes, as all distant members, and all orators, are to have a breakfast prepared for them at Barley Wood before the meeting.* All here join in kind remembrances to you and yours, with, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

H. More.

Barley Wood, *August* 14.

* There were eighteen clergy gathered together at this meeting, and the collection amounted to £170.

BARLEY WOOD, *Jan.* 15, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,—I write to chide you for not having sent me Tom's epitaph on Mr Martyn, which Mr Preston repeated to me yesterday, and which is excellent.* I had a very satisfactory conversation with Mr P. on his subject. He says he learns *rapidly* and *generally;* that his dispositions are good, and his reverence for religion what he could wish. I trust, by the blessing of God, he will make a solid, as well as a shining character. The prospect is most happy.

Be so good as to put down Dr Randolph's name to Mr Venn's sermons, and also those of the Rev. Mr Hensman, and Rev. Mr Cowans of Clifton, if they are not already down. I have been engaged

* The lines on Henry Martyn here alluded to are these—

"Here Martyn lies! In manhood's early bloom,
The Christian hero found a Pagan tomb!
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,
Points to the glorious trophies which he won.
Immortal trophies!—not with slaughter red,
Not stain'd with tears by helpless orphans shed;
But trophies of the cross! In that dear name,
Through every scene of danger, toil, and shame,
Onward he journey'd to that happy shore,
Where danger, toil, and shame are known no more."

in sad uphill work in begging for poor Lee, the wonderfully learned carpenter.* I do not love to beg of one's private, especially one's religious, friends for such a case as this; for they are stripped naked to the skin by the daily demands of a whole world in want. It is such men as Lords Grenville and Spencer, the avowed patrons of learning, who give a thousand pounds for a few black-letter fragments, that should stand forward in such a cause as

* This "wonderfully learned carpenter" became better known afterwards as the gifted Professor Lee. He published in 1814 an interesting autobiography, through Dr Burgess, which appeared many years afterwards in the columns of the *Christian Observer*. The history is, I believe, too well known to need any particular recital. It may be as well, however, to inform those readers who may not know the early struggles of this extraordinary man, that he had to fight his way uphill, for many years, to the distinguished post which he afterwards attained. His extraordinary skill in the learned and Oriental languages, seven or eight of which he acquired by his own solitary efforts, was gained, amidst the depths of poverty, by grammars and dictionaries which he acquired by selling one for the purchase of another, after possessing his memory of their contents. It was long before he had any assistance of the learned, or any patronage of the great; and the unfortunate burning of his tools deprived him for a while of the common means of his support. But no sooner was he assisted to the University of Cambridge, than she proved, *indeed*, his *Alma Mater*, and advanced him, even in anticipation of the usual time, to her Professorship of Hebrew.

this. I have written to the latter, but nothing is *yet* come.

Pray, which do you think the most pressing distress, the Moravians at Moscow, or the Hamburghers? Be so kind to advance £5 for me to the one that needs it most.

I detected the sublime hand of Bowdler in the two late reviews. There is a nearness to heaven in that fine creature's writings that penetrates one. Dean Milner's strong sense and hearty sorrow would have disclosed him without the initials.*

I wish you could, without impropriety, take notice of the scandalous delight in which the newspapers have so abounded on the drunkenness at the Belvoir Castle festivities. The excessive joy they express that so many were found prostrate in the passages, so many senseless in the cellars, would be disgusting at any time; much more now, that so many brave fellows lie *prostrate,* so many are found senseless on the field of battle, or who only escape to perish by cold and hunger.

* The allusion here is to an obituary notice of Professor Jowett, inserted by Dean Milner in the *Christian Observer* for December 1813, and to which he only annexes the initials I. M.

I hope your numerous little flock are getting through the winter in tolerable health. Love to them all, and to Mrs M. P. and I have been confined since October; but, bad as we are at times, we have much cause for thankfulness when we look abroad.—Yours, my dear Sir, very sincerely,

H. More.

The next letter, though undated, was evidently written in the year 1814, either in October or November:—

My dear Sir,—I do not feel comfortable to let a frank depart without one line to rejoice with you on the safety of your good wife. We have had the happiness of Mr Wilberforce's company for a week; but not, as you suppose, altogether to ourselves. I had hoped the incessant rains would have secured this to us. The intruders, however, were of the best sort, and it was a delight to see, sitting at the same table, Mr W., our dear new Dean (Ryder), one of the excellent of the earth, Dowager Lady Lilford, who, by the instrumentality of her pious children, is

become herself truly pious. Among the five whom she brought was her son, Mr Lyttelton Powys, who is also, with his wife, grown very serious. I rejoiced in this opportunity of bringing him to Mr Wilberforce, as he has had little intercourse with pious persons. To these I must add Lady Southampton, whose heart it has pleased God (in the prime of life) to touch in a wonderful manner. A nice party altogether to meet in such a little out-of-the-way place as this!*

I rejoice in your report of Mr Dealtry's success. Poor Owen, the proto-martyr of the Bible Society, has been spending some days with us. He preached twice at our church, and I conjured up for him a little Bible meeting at Wrington, at which he spoke admirably.†

* The following extract from Mr Wilberforce's diary applies to this visit:—"18*th*. Dean Ryder came from Wells in the evening —truly pleasing, and much talk with him.—19*th*. The Dean and I walked before breakfast, which late, because Lady Lilford and her family expected to it. Talked, walked, read to them Baxter's Life —(the change of view and feeling). On the 22d Oct. we left our kind friends." His biographers remark, "It (Barley Wood) was still, as it ever had been, the favoured seat of intellectual and religious sunshine. The sisters were all life, and he was charmed with many of their guests."—*Wilberforce's Life*, p. 424, 12mo edit.

† The following specimen of the petty martyrdom which Mr

I am delighted to hear Tom and his master are on such excellent terms. 'Tis a good sign both for preceptor and pupil. Don't fail to give my love to him when you write. Mr Wilberforce and I had a long talk about him last night. He and his family have just left us. He is seraphic, yet so partial!—Yours ever, my dear Sir,

H. More.

The following is but a fragment, but it is clear, from a reference contained in it, that it belongs to

Owen had to sustain, for his connexion with a too evangelical society, is recorded in the *Christian Observer* for August 1813:—"A funeral sermon for Mr Sharp (Granville Sharp, the philanthropist) was to have been preached in Fulham church by the Rev. John Owen, then curate of that parish, whose intimate knowledge of the deceased during the last seventeen years of his life had qualified him, in a peculiar manner, for the office. But he was prevented from fulfilling his intention by a peremptory mandate, communicated two days before the appointed time, from the Rev. Mr Wood, the vicar. This ungracious proceeding, by which the feelings of so many relatives and friends of Mr Sharp were wounded, originated, it seems, in the displeasure of the vicar with the active and successful labours of his curate in promoting the extension of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The result has been that Mr Owen is deprived of a curacy and lectureship which he had discharged, in a most exemplary and useful manner, for upwards of seventeen years."

this year, and it appears to have been written subsequently to Mr Wilberforce's visit:—

"Thanks for the 'French Slave Trade.'* I did not know it was yours till W. told me. It is a very important document.

"I hardly know what I write, 'tis so late; but I must send it, as a frank is like a mackerel, good for nothing the next day. Oh, I *must* say that I told Mr T. of Tom's heroic exertion about the responses of the church. It struck him much, and I have desired him to promote it in other places. There is such a shameful neglect of it at Bristol that I think it cannot be called *social* worship. It is our great distinction from the Dissenters.—Ever yours, with love to all,

"H. More."

Barley Wood, *Dec.* 21, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I should have scribbled a line before, as well to thank you both very cordially for your most kind and anxious letters, as to tell you

* There are two long articles on this subject in the *Christian Observer* for June and July 1814, which are evidently the papers here referred to.

that I am quite recovered from the effects of the fire. But, having above a hundred letters on the same subject, I forbore to write to those to whom I could easily have done so, that I might have to say with truth that I had not written to any one; my sisters and Miss Roberts having taken it on themselves. I hope the wonderful deliverance will not be so soon effaced from my mind as the wounds are from my flesh. I am, indeed, a monument of God's mercy: one minute more, and all human aid would, it is thought, have been of no avail; for I was one sheet of flame, into which Miss Roberts most heroically plunged her hands. I am thankful to say that her bad wounds were healed before my slighter ones. My health is very indifferent, and I must expect it to be worse as life draws nearer its close.

I am sorry for poor Tom; but could not help smiling to see his letters transformed into the details of a confirmed valetudinarian. I cannot help suspecting that *dulce domum* is a little at the bottom; and I love him the better for this unabated tenderness for his household gods. His "Vision" is admirable; I have shewn it to many good judges, and we all agree that it is more uniformly good,

and more equally sustained, than we ever saw from the pen of so young a bard. It contains not one puerility.

I was charmed with the review of Pascal. The internal evidence betrays the delicate hand of the critic. Apropos of critics, what a diabolical thing is the review of the "Velvet Cushion" in the *British!** By Norris, no doubt. My turn will come next. I am sorry to say that, against my will and my judgment, my book has run itself out to *two* little volumes. I have worked when I ought to have rested, as I fear the reader will find. I hope it will be out in five or six weeks. It is time to have done, and I now *have* done. I expect it will be equally reprobated by the high Calvinists and the higher *Norris-ians*. In case you think it worth announcing among the things in the press, I have called it "An Essay on the Character and Practical Writings of St Paul."

I am delighted with the heaven-made union of the Bowdler and Gisborne. May God bless them. Did Patty ever tell Mrs Macaulay that poor Mr Bere was dead? He was, for many months, oc-

* *The British Critic.*

casionally in a state of delirium, and his shrieks too dreadful to be borne. May he have found mercy! I have frequently and fervently prayed for him. It is remarkable that, on the same day and hour, died his curate, a most excellent man, whom the parish chose against the will of the Rector. This good man was forbidden to visit here; but P. and I have had the satisfaction to contribute our mite privately to Mr Rere's school and poor, ever since the rupture.

I am much obliged by your kind attentions to young Leaves, and pray thank Mr Dealtry in my name for his kindness to him. I shall not feel quite comfortable till he has escaped the *domestic atmosphere*. He has just called, and speaks with gratitude of the notice he met with. I fear Madeira will not promote his spiritual concerns. I have had much anxiety about Henry Thornton. I fear he is still very weak. I have heard nothing of him for some time.

Pray give my kind love to Mrs M., Tom, and those of the girls who know me, and to my god-daughter, who knows me not. I hope you will stand this trying weather better than, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

H. More.

The letter which I next produce, is from the pen of the distinguished man himself whose precocious boyhood has been so often and so familiarly alluded to in the course of the foregoing letters. This letter, written at the early age of fourteen, will vouch for the premature talent of its writer far more convincingly and strikingly than the testimony of his admiring friends, for they might have been supposed to have written or thought hyperbolically. I will only premise that the letter was written on the very day when Mr Henry Thornton was taken from a world which so missed and so desired him.

CLAPHAM, *January* 16, 1815.

MY DEAR MADAM,—My mamma was on the point of writing to inform you that a supposed favourable alteration has taken place in Mr Henry Thornton's case. His physicians are still sanguine in their expectations; but his friends, who examine his disorder by the rules of common sense, and not by those of medicine, are very weak in their hopes. The warm bath has been prescribed; and it is the

wish and prayer of all who know him that so excellent and valuable a character may be preserved to the world.

You will believe, my dear Madam, that no one rejoices more than I do at your recovery from the effects of the fatal accident which threatened us. Events like these prove to us the strength of our affection for our friends, and shew the esteem in which great characters are held by the world.

We are eagerly expecting the promised essay, which will, indeed, be a most important addition to the literary history of the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, ample as that already is. Every eminent writer of poetry, good or bad, has been publishing within the last month, or is to publish shortly. Lord Byron's pen is at work over a poem as yet nameless. Lucien Buonaparte has given the world his "Charlemagne." Scott has published his "Lord of the Isles," in six cantos, a beautiful and elegant poem; and Southey his "Roderick the last of the Goths." Wordsworth has printed "The Excursion," (a ponderous quarto of five hundred pages,) "*being a portion of the intended poem entitled 'The Recluse.'*" What the length of this

intended poem is to be, as the Grand Vizier said of the Turkish poet, "n'est connu qu'à Dieu et à M. Wordsworth." This forerunner, however, is, to say no more, almost as long as it is dull; not but that there are many striking and beautiful passages interspersed; but who would wade through a poem

> —— "where, perhaps, one beauty shines
> In the dry desert of a thousand lines?"

To add to the list, my dear Madam, you will soon see a work of mine in print. Do not be frightened! it is only the index to the thirteenth volume of the *Christian Observer*, which I have had the honour of composing. Index-making, though the lowest, is not the most useless round in the ladder of literature, and I pride myself upon being able to say that there are many readers of the *Christian Observer* who could do without Walter Scott's works, but not without those of, my dear Madam, your affectionate friend,

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

P.S.—Give my love to your sisters, if you please, and to my Aunt Thatcher, if still with you. My mamma has just now received her letter.

The commencement of the year 1815 was one of deep mourning and lamentation to the religious public generally, and to Mrs Hannah More especially. Three of her most valued friends were carried off, in quick succession, to an unexpected grave—Mr H. Thornton, Mr John Bowdler, jun., and Dr Claudius Buchanan.

> "The shaft flew thrice, and thrice her peace was slain,
> And thrice, e'er thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn."

The following letter refers to the two first deaths :—

BARLEY WOOD, *Saturday, Feb.* 4.

MY DEAR SIR,—I do not write to offer you consolation under this fresh and most afflicting providence. When I look round on my infirm sisters, and my infirm self, I cannot help thinking how little the world would have missed us, and how it will miss these two great and highly important beings we lament. That dear Bowdler should so instantaneously follow his and our dear friend, is a heavy blow to the hearts of all who loved, that is of all who knew or ever heard of them. I cannot express our grief and astonishment at the receipt

of a kind and considerate letter last night from Mr Stephen, breaking, in the gentlest manner, the fatal tidings. Poor Mary Gisborne! May God comfort her. Dear Mrs Henry, too, it will add fresh tortures to her previous wound. Among his other numerous friends, *you*, perhaps, have sustained as great a loss as any, and, in some respects, greater. What taste and literature, what piety and delicacy, he possessed! But he was early matured for glory. I have been tormenting myself with the fear that he might have been left executor to his late friend's widow and children; if so, what an addition to their loss! We are much in the dark, and, of course, very anxious about the state of dear Henry's affairs. At what a critical moment was he taken off! But how little are all these things in his "purged eyes," now! Yet, to those who remain, they are not so unimportant.

We have not got our *Observer* yet, where we expect to see his memory embalmed. The review of Whitaker in the last was excellent.* C. H.

* The article thus praised is a review of a sermon preached at the primary visitation of the Bishop of Chester, by Thomas D. Whitaker, LL.D., F.S.A., Vicar of Whalley, and Rector of Heysham, Lancashire. He touches much upon Calvinism; and he handles this subject in an intelligent and discriminating way

I suspect. Whitaker himself is excellent. We shall see to-night what you say of our lamented Henry. Out of one's own little circle what it is to have lost, in a short time, Bishop Porteus, Lord Barham, Venn, Thornton, Bowdler! May it, as it was intended, prove a warning to those who remain! Since the day of the funeral, when Mrs Macaulay was so kind as to write us a very affecting letter, we have not heard a word of poor Mrs Thornton. *She* also wrote a few lines on that day. Don't *you* think of writing. Perhaps Mrs M. will give us any particulars. No Grant has ever given us a line. Mr Stephen is truly kind and feeling. I am so poorly, I hardly know what I write; I know, however, that I am, very faithfully yours,

H. More.

I hear excellent accounts of Tom's health. It was wisely, but rather cruelly, judged to give him

quite unusual in those days of unenquiring hostility to the system of that great divine. There was a namesake, and probably an ancestor, of this Dr Whitaker, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, who maintained from the Divinity Chair of Cambridge, as Regius Professor, that the doctrine known under the name of Calvinism, was that of the founders and the fathers of our Church, and decidedly that of her 17th Article.

such a damper to his genius as the Index, for his first public work. We have put on mourning for Mr H. T.

BARLEY WOOD, *April* 15, 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We hear, with no small concern, that you are very far from well. After the repeated shocks of various kinds which you have lately been called to sustain, I am rather grieved than surprised that your health and spirits should suffer materially, though I hope it will not be lastingly, from these successive blows. I do not write to add a feather to your troubles, by saying anything that will require a letter in return. I write simply to say, that I heartily wish you could escape for a fortnight from sorrowful engagements, from commercial concerns, from friendly duties, from the *Christian Observer*, &c., &c., &c., and pass said fortnight on our hill. You shall have a pleasant room, a carriage at your command, pure air, sea breezes, though distant, friendly chat, plenty of books, but *no pen and ink*. Consider of this proposal; it is the unanimous wish of our whole party.

The journey would be better than calomel, and the quiet more bracing than bark. If Tom were at home, I should urge his accompanying you. Mrs M., I suppose, would be afraid to quit her bairns; else it would add to our pleasure to see her.

Our Saints' Jubilee at Bristol precedes yours in town. The missionary meeting last week; the Bible meeting this week. The former was very brilliant as to collection. I believe about £800, or more. Mr Wilson, and Mr Hugh Pearson were so kind as to steal down to see us, on different days. The former, whom I greatly respect, I had never seen before. I think his antagonist and yours (for such I consider the new *Bible Magazine*), will be but an impotent assailant, if I may judge from the only number I have seen. High Calvinism, or rather its worst neighbour, Antinomianism, is, I fear, gaining ground. The way I judge when any good people whom I used to be acquainted with, are taking that ground, is, that they drop off, and come here no longer. I could name several prominent ones with whom this has been the case.

Poor, dear Mrs H. Thornton! notwithstanding all her fortitude, every letter seems to have a more

engrained woe in its character. She speaks with affectionate feelings of your attentions and services; they soothe her much. I hope Lord C. and Mr Inglis are proceeding with their interesting work. It is, indeed, a dying world. Mrs Porteus is to me another heavy loss. It was like as if the bishop were dying over again. She gave me the same proof of her affection, which he had done, by leaving me the same legacy.

My sisters join in affectionate regards to Mrs M. I hope she will add her persuasions as to this journey. The beginning of May would be a most inviting season. Be assured of my cordial sympathy.—Believe me ever, my dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

H. More.

The ensuing letter alludes to some libellous charges advanced by a Dr Thorpe, Chief Justice of Sierra Leone, against the character of Mr Z. Macaulay, in reference to his mercantile transactions with that colony, which made it necessary for Mr M. to vindicate himself in a pamphlet, "composed," says a reviewer, "with admirable calmness and tem-

per." "Mr Macaulay," observes this critic, "appears to be particularly singled out as an object for the fiercest malignity and most extravagant abuse; to throw discredit upon this distinguished friend of the abolition, every artifice of fiction, misrepresentation, and direct and shameless attack, is adopted without scruple or hesitation. We accept this as an evidence of the peculiarly zealous and efficient support which that gentleman has rendered to the cause of justice and humanity. Men who are thus hated must be feared, and the only ground on which they can be feared is this, that they will, ere long, succeed in their great object—the utter extirpation of the traffic in human blood." *

BARLEY WOOD, *May* 17, 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,—I did not trouble you with an answer to your last very afflicting letter, because I thought it superfluous to tell you how cordially I sympathised with you in your various trials, which, I believe I observed before, came upon you as rapidly

* *British Review*, vol. viii., p. 247.

as the messengers of Job. The calumnies, if they *did* produce a temporary effect on those who prefer evil to good reports, must be completely done away by such an entire refutation, that I hope they have ceased to give you a moment's concern. The adversary has compelled you to shew your strength in royal, and noble, and honourable friends.

I was pleased at receiving, in one packet from Hatchard, your answer to Thorpe, Dealtry's to Norris,* and the Bishop of St David's to the Socinians. All excellent and unanswerable. We look forward to the hope of seeing you, and Tom, if it falls in with his holidays. What a blessed event is the new Bishop of Gloucester! And the more joyful as it does not rob us of our beloved Dean.†

* The pamphlet here referred to was entitled "A Review of Mr Norris's attack upon the British and Foreign Bible Society," by the Rev. W. Dealtry, B.D., F.R.S., Rector of Clapham, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The attack to which this was a reply was entitled "A Practical Exposition of the Tendency and Proceedings of the British and Foreign Bible Society, &c.," by the Rev. H. H. Norris, M.A., Curate of St John's Chapel, Hackney, and Chaplain to the Earl of Shaftesbury. Times have changed when the nobleman who adorns at present this distinguished earldom is the president of the Society which his father's chaplain once attacked!

† Bishop Ryder of Gloucester continued to be Dean of Wells.

Adieu, my dear Sir; with love to Mrs M., believe me your faithful friend,

H. More.

One of the pamphlets referred to in the above letter as "excellent and unanswerable," deserves a little special notice. I mean, Dealtry's answer to Norris. Mr Norris was one of the fiercest and most unsparing assailants which the Bible Society ever had to encounter. This Society had been cradled amidst storms. Scarce had it begun to breathe when it was attempted to be stifled, in its infancy, by one who assaulted it anonymously, and who styled himself "a Country Clergyman." *He* met with more than his match in "a Suburban Clergyman," who was afterwards known to be the Rev. John Owen. Mr Norris attacked it when it had reached maturer life, and when it had put nearly a million copies of God's Word in circulation—an offence which the world was not likely to take patiently. This gentleman's assertions sound not a little strangely in our own days. He maintained that the only legitimate way of circulating Scripture was to do so through the medium of the

"Christian Knowledge Society:"—"for it would not only disperse the Bible wherever it might be deemed expedient to give it circulation, but would also send with it *what alone can make it effectual to the salvation of mankind, the ministers and sacraments of the Christian Church!*" Popery herself has sometimes ventured forth God's Word into some little circulation, when attended with such safeguards, and when she has taken such precautions to prevent its doing harm to her. My father, in an article of his upon this polemical performance, makes the following remark:—"With respect to the far greater part of Mr Norris's argument, we must frankly declare that, among all the specimens of controversial reasoning which, in the course of our critical labours, have come under our view, scarcely one occurs to our recollection so defective in every property of fair argument and logical arrangement. In his blind eagerness to bring every argument, which has ever been used or abused, in the various attacks which have been made upon the Society, he has failed to observe their ludicrous inconsistency. The sum of the absurd self-contradictions which in general characterise the attacks upon the Society,

and most of which are characteristic of Mr Norris's book, has been stated with very humorous effect in a page of Mr Dealtry's review:—

"1. It does *not* circulate the Bible; it disseminates tracts.

"When this was no longer tenable, the enemy turned round, and proscribed the Society, because—

"2. It *does* circulate the Bible, and disseminates *no* tracts.

"It disseminates the Scriptures with comments.

"It dares to send Bibles into the world *without* comments, to the marvellous increase of heresy, and manifold danger of religion and the Church.

"It contains within itself the seeds of dissolution; it is a bubble that must presently burst.

"It is a powerful confederation, and will subvert the establishment both of Church and state.

"Its machinations are secret.

"It is the most noisy and clamorous creature on the face of the earth.

"It introduces every where a false and spurious *charity*.

"Wherever it goes, it excites nothing but quarrels and debates.

"It is a *new* institution: history tells of nothing that is like it.

"It is an *old* institution, established by Pharisees, and revived by Puritans."

This last assertion evaporates, it seems, a little afterwards, into the more hypothetical statement that, at any rate, there *might* have been a Bible Society in those days, since the Puritans were so like, in all their proceedings, to the promoters of Bible Societies.

The Society, whose character was impeached by witnesses so dissonant, has still pursued its simple and heaven-blest career, and outlived the attacks of Mr Norris and all subsequent assailants.

The next letter is one of which it is difficult to fix the date, for it has no other time-mark than the 21st of July, and there is no internal help. For want of better information, I am disposed to consider it as belonging to the present year. The glorious field of Waterloo might not unnaturally suggest the conversation about Marlborough and Eugene; and I observe Hannah More, in a letter dated June 1815, designates the great hero of that year as a

"Scipio, Fabius, and Marlborough all in one." The subject of the following letter had been complaining of ill health; it is not unlikely, therefore, that his visit to Barley Wood on this occasion might be the result of that complaint.

BARLEY WOOD, *July* 21.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wanted Tom to write to-day, but as he is likely to be much engaged with a favourite friend, and I shall have no time to-morrow, I scribble a line. This friend is a sensible youth at Woolwich: he is qualifying for the artillery. I overheard a debate between them on the comparative merits of Eugene and Marlborough as generals. The quantity of reading that Tom has poured in, and the quantity of writing he has poured out, is astonishing. It is in vain I have tried to make him subscribe to Sir Henry Savile's notion, that the poets are the best writers next to those who write prose.* We have poetry for breakfast, dinner, and supper. He recited *all* "Palestine," while we break-

* She seems to have been somewhat apprehensive that, as poetry was so much his addiction, it would become, in a manner, his profession, for she observes, in a postscript to one of her letters, "I am afraid Tom will be really a poet."

fasted, to our pious friend Mr Whalley, at my desire, and did it incomparably. I was pleased with his delicacy in one thing. You know the Italian poets, like the French, too much indulge in the profane habit of attesting the Supreme Being; but, without any hint from me, whenever he comes to the Sacred Name, he reverently passes it over. I sometimes fancy I observe a daily progress in the growth of his mental powers. His fine promise of mind expands more and more, and, what is extraordinary, he has as much accuracy in his expression as spirit and vivacity in his imagination. I like, too, that he takes a lively interest in all passing events, and that the *child* is still preserved; I like to see him as boyish as he is studious, and that he is as much amused with making a pat of butter as a poem. Though loquacious, he is very docile, and I don't remember a single instance in which he has persisted in doing anything when he saw we did not approve it. Several men of sense and learning have been struck with the union of gaiety and rationality in his conversation. It was a pretty trait of him yesterday: being invited to dine abroad, he hesitated, then said "No; I have so few days

that I will give them all to you." And he said to-day at dinner, when speaking of his journey, "I know not whether to think on my departure with most pain or pleasure—with most kindness for my friends, or affection for my parents."

Sometimes we converse in ballad-rhymes, sometimes in Johnsonian sesquipedalians; at tea, we condescend to riddles and charades. He rises early, and walks an hour or two before breakfast, generally composing verses. I encourage him to live much in the open air; this, with great exercise on these airy summits, I hope, will invigorate his body; though this frail body is sometimes tired, the spirits are never exhausted. He is, however, not sorry to be sent to bed soon after nine, and seldom stays to our supper.

A new poem is produced less incorrect than its predecessors—it is an excellent satire on radical reform, under the title of "Clodpole and the Quack-doctor." It is really good. I am glad to see that they are thrown by as soon as they have been once read, and he thinks no more of them. He has very quick perceptions of the beautiful and defective in composition. I received your note last night, and

Tom his humbling one. I tell him he is incorrigible in the way of tidiness. The other day, talking of what were the symptoms of a gentleman, he said, with some humour, and much *good*-humour, that he had certain infallible marks of one; which were, neatness, love of cleanliness, and delicacy in his person. I know not when I have written so long a scrawl; but I thought you and his good mother would feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. I hope it will please God to prosper his journey, and restore him in safety to you. Let us hear of his arrival.—Yours, my dear Sir, very sincerely,

H. More.

P.S.—To-morrow we go to Bristol.

She who gathered up these small memorabilia for the parents, little thought that, in the course of half a century, the public eye would be as curious as theirs to hear what young Macaulay said and did upon his visit to Barley Wood. "Veniet tempus quo posteri visere, visendumque tradere minoribus suis gestient, qui sudores tuos hauserit campus,

quæ refectiones tuas arbores; quæ somnum saxa prætexerint; quod denique tectum magnus hospes impleveris."*

The letter which I next produce belongs, I believe, to October 1815, and refers to the death of Mrs Henry Thornton.

My dear Sir,—Having occasion to write to Mr Addington, I cannot refuse myself the melancholy gratification of enclosing a line. Your two feeling and kind letters, and two subsequent ones from Mr Wilberforce, had so extinguished every degree of hope, that we felt no surprise, though deep sorrow, from the final event, communicated yesterday by Mr W. It is softened by every motive of consolation which *can* attend so afflicting a providence. The beautiful calmness, and more than resignation, of our beloved and lamented friend, the scene of meek sorrow round the peaceful dying bed, the heroic piety of Marianne, the success of your vigorous and most kind exertions in their worldly affairs, the excellent provision made of

* Plin. Paneg., xv.

different friends suited to the different departments, the hope that your counsel will be taken by the persons who fill those situations, and, above all, the full conviction that our dear friend has exchanged a life of pain, and sorrow, and trials, known and unknown, for a state of peace, and rest, and blessedness; that she is re-united to him whose death, I have no doubt, was the cause of her own; that they are both worshipping together before the throne of their God and Saviour;—all these considerations, and especially that it is the Divine will, ought to quiet our rebellious hearts. Poor children! But the seed of the righteous, the children of so many prayers, will never be forsaken. I hope some of the pious friends about her have preserved the particulars; for we know nothing but in general, except from a beautiful letter of Marianne written about ten days ago. It is a mercy that there is no pecuniary distress to add fresh bitterness to the calamity. I cannot help repeating to myself part of an old epitaph which I have somewhere seen, changing the word "year" for "day."

———"One year she tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died."

Harriet Bowdler has been staying here. She was anxious to learn if Lord C. and Mr J. were going on with the memoir. I could only tell them that the father had given them no encouragement. She is going to his house at Eltham to meet Mary G. in a fortnight.—Yours sincerely,

H. More.

1816.

My dear Sir,— . . . . Stephen's pamphlet is superb. The mantle of Edmund Burke has fallen on him. The latter pages equal anything of his. I have often deplored his not being in Parliament,* though less since the death of Whitbread, as he was the only man that could keep *him* in order.

Your secret of Lord G. is very interesting and important. The most interesting, because domestic, part of your letter I must reserve for more leisure, leaving this scrawl entirely to business.

* There appear to have been two pamphlets issued by Mr Stephen during the course of this year, and I am not clear to which of them Mrs More refers. The one is entitled "An Inquiry into the Right and Duty of Compelling Spain to relinquish her Slave-trade in Northern Africa." The other is headed "A Defence of the Bill for the Registration of Slaves; in two letters to William Wilberforce, Esq."

I thank God I am better. For many weeks such a debility atttended the fever that I felt as if I was breaking up fast; but my strength is returned in a good measure. I have had a long space for repentance and preparation; I fear I have not made the best use of it! Thanks for your welcome account of Tom; I *rejoice* in it. Oh that some other dear friends of ours had as happy prospects!

The two numbers of the *Christian Observer* are just arrived; not read.

C. is going on worse than ever. His sermons are interlarded with so much pious blasphemy as makes me tremble. I am much pleased with Biddulph's book;* I hope you are so.—Yours,

H. More.

* The book referred to, I believe, was thus entitled—"Baptism a Seal of the Christian Covenant; or, Remarks on the former of Two Tracts, intended to convey correct Notions of Regeneration and Conversion, by Richard Mant, D.D. By T. T. Biddulph, M.A., Minister of St James's, Bristol, and of Dunton, Somersetshire, and Chaplain to the Dowager Lady Bagot, and late of Queen's College, Oxford. 1816."

B. Wood, *March* 24, 1817.

My dear Sir,—I found yesterday an old scrap of a letter of mine written in 1794, in which were these words, "I wonder if I shall ever live to read again a book which cost so high a price as sixpence." I did not think that, twenty-three years after, I should be brought into just the same predicament. But so it is, that I have been so occupied with half-penny and penny wares, that I scarcely ever find a minute to look into a book except on Sundays. *Then*, however, I have had much pleasure in reading in the *Christian Observer*, the review of the Bishop of Carlisle,* and C. Hoare's excellent papers on "Death," "Intermediate State," &c. The character

* The article thus eulogised is a review of "A Charge Delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Carlisle. By Samuel, Lord Bishop of that Diocese. Published at the request of the Clergy." Its chief feature is an attack upon the Bible Society, though written in a milder tone than characterised many of the assailants of that Institution. It contains the hackneyed objection, that Scripture should not be sent forth among the lower orders without a guide or help; meaning, of course, a *human* guide or help. An objection which implies, if it be worth anything, that wisdom is never given from on high to the poor and the uneducated except through the medium of human lips and human books.

of my dear friend, his mother, was a just and fair portrait.

I am quite grieved to find that you cannot get a little respite from business. I verily think, that relaxation and Bath water would be your best restoratives, with the supplement of a little Barley Wood air. Wilks, I hope, has not declined, but will soon come; and I am persuaded, both from my own experience, and the opinions of the best physicians, that one glass of Bath water does more good in warmish weather, than half a dozen in the winter. To our anxiety about you has been added much on the score of Mr Wilberforce. I have begged Marianne to let me know how he is.

Sally remains much in the same suffering state. She has some intervals, but the general condition is that of extreme pain. I trust she has reason to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Patty has the same weak chest, and almost constant fever; though I think she is rather better. For myself, I am better than I had reason to expect from the caprices of the weather, which, after the mildness of May, is now severely cold.

I hope the persecution from your wicked adver-

saries is abated. Oh the perseverance of wicked men! I wish the good had half as much zeal and industry. There is my old historian, the *Rev.* Mr S——, in this neighbourhood, whom Mrs Macaulay must remember. He has been publishing editions of the dreadfully blasphemous pamphlets at Bristol. The printer has been brought before the Mayor, but I believe he does not give up his employer; and if he did, it would be of little use; for, since Parliament repealed the bill against heresy, I am told nobody can touch these miscreants. I used to exceed on the side of toleration, but I am now persuaded it should have limits. When I first began the Cheap Repository, the good French Bishop of Dol, whom I saw constantly at Bath, encouraged me to persevere by saying, "Penny papers destroyed France. I told the king the ruin that was preparing for him, but he would not believe me." I do not expect that my feeble antidotes can reach the malignity of the poison; but those of more powerful hands *may*. I want to set some of our *first-raters* at work. It is not merely little goodly things, from well-meaning, but not powerful writers, that will reach the venom. I want something which

shall give the idea of tall men stooping. There is much piety in some of the Christian Knowledge tracts; but there is neither point nor vigour, suitable to this occasion. People who write for the poor fall into this error—they fancy they are foolish, when they are only ignorant.

We had great pleasure in a letter lately from Virtue, the sentiments of which are really pious. I pray God it may be a faithful transcript of her mind. Pray, tell Selina that I have finished my last tract, I hope—"The Death of Mr Fantom." I am much afraid it will be a *costly* work—twopence! You see I rise in dignity; but here I stop. Pray, ask Mr Gisborne if he saw his song at the end of "Anti-Cobbett." Love to all from all.

Since writing this letter, I am surprised by a visit from Mr Wilks on his way to Bristol, where it is missionary work, and where he hopes to beat up for a curate. He is quite vexed at the delay.—I am, with kind love to Mrs M. and Selina, yours, my dear Sir, very faithfully,

H. More.

Good accounts, I hope, of Tom.

The following, to Mr and Mrs Macaulay, allude to the death and funeral of Mrs Sarah More, who died May 17, 1817, aged 74 years:—

Five o'clock, Saturday,
May 17, 1817.

My dear Friends,—Join with me in blessing and praising God, that He has graciously been pleased to take to Himself the soul of our dear sister Sally. She expired, about two hours ago, without a groan; all peace and serenity, after having experienced as severe a conflict with death as has often been witnessed. Her pious frame outlived her reason. Her use of speech, from beginning to end, was employed in prayer and praise. Oh, bless God, that this gay, volatile, mirthful creature lay at the foot of the cross with the meekness of a child, and no one worldly thought seemed to take possession of her mind. Even in the hottest of the furnace she praised God, and prayed to be washed in the blood of the Lamb. It was a *sustained* piety, and never seemed to forsake her an instant. Patty very poorly. Oh, pray for me, that I may be enabled to do, and to suffer the whole

will of God. Thanks for your letter, which I hope to answer. We long to hear more about the Bible meeting.—Yours affectionately,

H. More.

Barley Wood, *May* 22.

My dear Mrs Macaulay,—I should have answered your kind letter last night as soon as I received it; but I was in so listless and desultory a state, it being the evening after the funeral, and having had a very bad night, that I could not bring myself to write. I now thank you cordially for your very friendly and affectionate offer of coming to us. We have been less solitary than we expected, Miss Roberts's having prolonged their stay till after the last sad ceremony was performed. We would accept your proposal with the same frankness it was made, but that it will really be better for both parties a little time hence. We have some business consequent upon the late afflicting event, and we are likely to have a troublesome affair from another quarter; not anything personal. We shall, for these reasons, have more leisure and

spirits to enjoy your company next month, with Mr Macaulay and Tom. You must suit your own convenience; but, if it is the same to you, towards the latter end of June is what we should prefer, for no better reason than that, by that time, we shall have fruit, which is good for the young ones and their father. I say young ones, for if Selina comes, I beg that Hannah More* may be packed up in one of the chaise-pockets. You talk of two or three days; but it will not be worth while to come such a distance for less than a week.

We shall dearly miss our lively companion and endeared sister. Our once social five are now cut down to two! It will soon be reduced to one, and soon to nothing!

We have had a lively illustration of the mixed condition of human life. Just as the solemn procession had moved off towards the churchyard at Wrington, a coach and four drove to the door with Charles Noel† and his bride (married two days before) to pay the wedding visit. Of course we

* Alluding to one of Lord Macaulay's sisters, named after Mrs More.

† The present Earl of Gainsborough.

were not able to see them, which I was sorry for, as they had kindly come so far out of the way for our sakes. They met the funeral.

I hear the great Bible meeting more eulogised than ever, but cannot learn what was the receipt of money.*

Patty joins in kind regards to Mr M. and Miss Mills, with, my dear Madam, yours affectionately,

H. More.

P. S.—I have heard accidentally that the Dealtrys are going, or gone, to Bath. If they come to Clifton, as I suppose they will, I hope they will spend a day with us, any time after next week. I hope

* At this meeting Dr Thorpe, secretary of the Hibernian Society, mentioned a remarkable circumstance,—A poor man, nearly ninety-seven years of age, arrived lately at Sligo in quest of a Testament in large print. "I have lived," said the inquiring pauper, "ninety-six years without seeing, or even hearing, of such a book; and now that I am on the brink of the grave, I wish to learn how I may be happy beyond it." He is said to have made a pilgrimage of fifty miles for this purpose. Dr Thorpe also mentioned the case of a highwayman, lately executed, who never saw the Bible till he was placed in the cell from which he was taken to execution; and, after perusing it for some time, he said, "Had I possessed a copy of this Book ten years ago, I should not have been here to day."

Wilks's excellent essays * sell as they ought. Pray remember me to him. Has he preached? and how was he liked?

B. Wood, *November* 21, 1817.

My dear Sir,—Your kind letters were really a great solace in the hour of our first dismay and affliction. Never did any national visitation feel so like a domestic calamity. I used scarcely to think of kings and queens as of my fellow-creatures; but really these blooming and now blasted royalties had entwined themselves about our hearts and affections so as to excite an interest altogether new to one's feelings. This calamity is as wide as it is deep. We mourn the individual loss, the extinction of so much happiness in a region the very last in which we used to look for happiness — but chiefly we mourn for the "afflictions of Joseph!" Two generations cut off by one awful stroke! I hardly know whether what is taken or what is left ought to excite the deepest concern. God *can*, however, raise

* "Christian Essays, by the Rev. Samuel Charles Wilks, A.M., of St Edmund Hall, Oxford." They were dedicated by the able author to Mrs Hannah More.

up children out of these. The circumstance you mention of the princess having had family prayer was confirmed to me by the Bishop of Salisbury when he was lately here. How one wishes that the desolate survivor had the comfort and the benefit of some genuine Christian friend about him, a Mr Wilberforce, or Dealtry, or Daniel Wilson, instead of leaning for consolation on any broken reed! Poor royalty! It has not a common chance (if the word may be used) for happiness or heaven; yet the late instance has shewn that with God all things are possible.*

Tom's letters are really astonishing. I never knew anything like so advanced a mind at his age. I have carefully preserved, but do not know that I shall return them by this conveyance, as I shall wish to shew them to some friends. His judgment and taste keep pace with his acquisitions in learning. May the grace of God crown all his various endowments, and enable him to rate them at their true value!

* In a letter of about this date, addressed to her friend Mrs Kennicott, she says, "I have, indeed, shared deeply in this national affliction, and as to Patty, I don't think she had dry eyes for a fortnight." Thus the lamented Princess Charlotte had no sincerer mourners than at Barley Wood.

I have lately been called upon for a corrected copy for a new edition of "Cœlebs" (the fifteenth), and of "Practical Piety" (the eleventh). In spite of the dull task of reforming points and particles, I found the revisal, of the last especially, a salutary and mortifying employment. How easy it is to be good upon paper! I felt myself humbled even to a sense of hypocrisy, to observe (for I had forgotten the book) how very far short I had fallen myself of the habits and principles and interior sanctity which I found it so easy to recommend to others. I hardly read a page which did not carry some reproach to my own heart. I frequently think of a line which Prior puts into the mouth of Solomon:—

"They brought my proverbs to confute my life."

By the by, I wish, in the very pleasing paper in the last *Christian Observer* on "Sacred Poetry," the writer had mentioned the almost forgotten, but, in my opinion, beautiful poem of Prior's "Solomon." The contrasted view of Warner and Dealtry would be a most useful thing if one could get the right people to read it.* You have done a good service

* The article thus commended is a review of two sermons, the one entitled—"Considerations on the Doctrines of the Evangeli-

in exposing the abominations of Owen, whom, I believe, half the country take to be a religious man.

Poor C. gets plunged deeper and deeper in absurdity. One Sunday, while he was in his pulpit, his wife walked up the steps to it, with her new-

cal Clergy, and on the Probable Effects of Evangelical Preaching. A Sermon preached at Frome, Somersetshire, on Monday, June 2, 1817, at the visitation of the Rev. Charles Sandiford, Archdeacon of Wells, by the Rev. Richard Warner, Vicar of Norton, St Philips, Somerset, and Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts." The second is entitled—"The Nature and Tendency of Apostolical Preaching Considered. A Sermon preached in the parish church of St Michael, Bath, on Sunday, June 8, 1817, for the benefit of the Bath Infirmary and Dispensary, by William Dealtry, B.D., Rector of Clapham, &c." These two sermons, containing views and statements antagonistic to each other, were preached, curiously enough, on the very same text, and at adjoining places; and yet, as the reviewer remarks, "the sermon of the one evidently could not be, and we have particular reason to believe was not, designed as an answer to the other." Mr Warner asserts that the accompaniments of the evangelical scheme are "gloom, melancholy, and terror; that it scowls on all the innocent joys of life; contemns the whole range of intellectual pleasure; prescribes groans and tears, the sacrifice of present harmless enjoyment, and the anticipations of future and eternal woe, as the most acceptable sacrifice to Heaven." And he speaks in almost the same breath, of "the *ease* with which this system may be adopted, the *convenience* it affords to those who dislike the irksomeness of a rigid morality, and the *comforts* which may be purchased by it 'without money and without price.'" Thus, it seems, evangelical religion is Stoicism and Epicureism both at once!

born infant, presented it to her husband, who held it at arm's length over the pulpit, declaring to his crowded but low audience, that this was the way *he* dedicated his child to God. The cries of the infant, and the terrors of the audience lest it should fall, produced such alarm that many went out. To the others it was a fine piece of stage effect. Mr B. is come up to baptize C., and forty converts are ready to be baptized *by* C. the instant his new immersion is over! He had, for some time, borrowed the Welsh Chapel to preach in. The managers of this chapel went to request Rowland Hill to honour their chapel by preaching a charity sermon in it. He told them he would not for the world preach in a place which had been so polluted by C.'s doctrines —that he, perhaps, might do so if they would whitewash the walls, perfume every part of it with vinegar, and turn the devil out of the windows.

I really think C.'s extravagances, together with those of his compeers, have been of no small service to our Christian people at Bristol. They are become more guarded and practical. Mr Elwyn of the Temple Church is the most popular. He is as discreet as he is pious. Mr W. seems as if no

warning could reach him. He is a well-meaning man, but very weak, and utterly destitute of judgment and prudence.—Yours,

H. More.

Tuesday Morning, 181½.

My dear Friend,—I would not lose this conveyance of Tom's excellent letters. That to J is a masterpiece of good judgment. Your anecdote of our poor bishop drew tears from my eyes. Oh, the pity that men of such talents should stifle their convictions, and take pains, as it were, to deaden their feelings! How different is a letter I have got last post from the Bishop of Durham, not only resigned, but cheerful, on the best grounds, at eighty-four—casting all his hope on the great atonement. I fear the Bench, of which these two form such opposite members, is degenerating in piety,* and not rising in talent or learning. You have doubtless heard of the Bishop of Lincoln's desiring Mr Cleaver not to be concerned in the Bible Society establishing in his town,—a stretch of arbitrary,

* Blessed be God, we can say otherwise in *our* days!

though falsely assumed power worthy of Archbishop Laud. I am sorry to find that both Mr C. and his curate have obeyed the mandate, though so well inclined to the cause. Alas! the fear of man is the last lingering sin even in worthy people. Mr Huber has kindly sent me the copy of his letter to you. I fear poor Owen* has not had more rest than he would have had at home; but his labour, I trust, has not been in vain in the Lord. I scribble these few lines to-day, fearing I may not have time to-morrow during the Inglis's short visit. Poor Patty is in bed with a severe feverish cold. I am doing all I can to get her forward to receive our friends. Though our whole migration the last three months is only from the bed-chamber to the dining-room, and the weather so mild, we are always catching cold. This is the effect of long bilious sufferings. I fear you feel it. I have had three bad days.

I shall desire Mr J. to consult with you, and other Bible friends, on a subject which becomes important—the *length* of the speeches, especially of Dissenting ministers, at the Bible meetings. If

* The Rev. John Owen, of the Bible Society.

something cannot be done to check this growing evil, the *Bristol* meeting, at least, will come to nothing. Mr H. and several other leading men there have begun to absent themselves. They are too fastidious. How can they expect that the movements of such a vast engine can be carried on without some impediments! How can they hope that, among the many thousands that attend, some should not be imprudent, tiresome, absurd! It is in vain that I tell them their staying away will aggravate the evil, which demands, not *de*sertion but *exer*tion. To be sure the evil complained of is vexatious; they give preachments of an hour; they make, not speeches, but sermons. At *our* little meeting, I put into the head of a clergyman to say that among the greatest enemies to the Bible Society were long speeches. Dear Bishop Porteus, in the House of Lords, never allowed himself but five minutes. If we grant ten to a Dissenter, he should be contented. They *should* do this, or limit the number of resolutions. You will think I make too much of this; but when I see, in our great city, the most opulent and important laymen are drawing off, I cannot but grieve. What with the

vanity of one party, and the daintiness of the other, the thing will come to nothing there.

Pray thank, with our affectionate regards, dear Mr Stephen for his valuable present. Whenever he writes, I am sure to be reminded of Burke.

We were agreeably surprised and much entertained with a visit of the two Persians. They brought a letter of introduction. If we were amused with their magnificent costume, we were more pleased with their gentlemanly manners, inquiring minds, and cultivated understandings. They are the only Asiatics I ever saw who had spirit, energy, and curiosity. As they were desirous to have some of my writings, (with which they were already acquainted,) I gave one of them "Practical Piety," which he said he would translate as soon as he got home. They were delighted at seeing Locke's urn in our grounds, and cried out, "What! Locke the metaphysician!" They seemed to have partly read him. They expressed great respect for the Bible, especially Job and Isaiah. Dr G. writes me that he has, *at times*, hope of the conversion of the youngest; but that they are very upright and conscientious according to their views. I suppose you

often see them in public; but I should like to know if you have conversed with them. They like every thing they study except Latin. Nothing astonishes them so much as the cultivation of our women. They lament the degraded state of their country.

H. More.

The following, though published in Hannah More's Memoir, is inserted for the sake of its reference to Lord Macaulay's entrance on college life :—

1818.

It is a good while since you and I have had any intercourse, except in that communion which is a sort of invisible intercourse among believers. We are, blessed be God, getting on, but still keeping our room for the fourth week, and every two or three days have a sort of fresh attack, though milder. On Sunday I was very ill; we persist in keeping profoundly quiet. P. is much shattered; yet a day or two of ease sets up her spirits.

I suppose Tom is now just entering on his new career.* He has my cordial prayers. I compare

* Lord Macaulay's university career began this year at Trinity College, Cambridge. He gained one of the Craven Scholarships in 1821.

the sending a boy to a public school or college to the act of the Scythian mothers, who threw their new-born children into the sea; the greater part, of course, were drowned; but the few who escaped with life, were uncommonly strong and vigorous.

I have been regretting, foolishly enough, that some of my earliest and dearest friends did not live to promote and rejoice in the wonderful prosperity of such of our religious institutions as each particularly delighted in. Dean Tucker, Dr Kennicott, and Bishop Horne, would have been amongst the most zealous supporters of the conversion of the Jews, as Dr Johnson would of the Slave-abolition, and the Bible and Missionary Societies. Bishop Porteus would have rejoiced in the prosperity of all, as would dear Venn and H. Thornton. To descend to so poor a thing as myself and my writings, the gratification I feel in that measure of success which it has pleased God to grant unworthy me, when so many better and abler persons have been neglected, is much diminished by the loss of the above-named, and many others, who would have taken a warmer interest in what concerned me than it deserved, and that from partial kindness. But all this is necessary, and salutary, and right.

We have had many substantial comforts. Two of our first scholars at Cheddar, whom we taught their letters thirty years ago, died last week. They became remarkably pious at fourteen years old. I went to see them just before I was taken ill. One of them had prospered in life, and married another of our pious school-boys, who became afterwards a good tradesman. I never attended a more edifying dying bed. With ulcerated lungs and inflammation of the liver, she discovered something more than resignation. It was a sort of humble, grateful triumph. She was obliged to pray against impatience for death, so ardent was her desire to be with her Saviour. Oh, how I envied her! there was no heated imagination; she was happy on good grounds. I write this for your children.

My friend Lysons has sent me his "Abridgement of Jeremy Taylor's Sermons." He has left out the Greek and Latin, and the classical allusions; but I fear he has not improved the spirituality. He seems to have used the knife too much. Those three glorious sermons on Christ's Second Advent he has reduced to one short one.—Yours ever, my dear friend,

H. More.

Hannah More describes herself, in the above letters, as tempted to wish that the friends whom she enumerates had lived to see the triumph of our great societies in 1818. We are almost tempted, on our own parts, to wish she herself had lived the life of Nestor, to behold what they have accomplished *now*.

The Bible Society was thankful to inform the public in its annual report for 1818, that it had issued, in somewhat less than thirteen years, "more than two millions of Bibles and Testaments." In its annual report for the year 1859, it is enabled to record with the language of grateful triumph, that the number of copies it had issued in one single year, "amounted to the marvellous total of *one million, six hundred and twenty-five thousand, nine hundred and eighty-five copies*," (nearly as many in *one* year as in the thirteen first years of its existence,) and that its total issues, "still excluding the past circulation of the vernacular Scriptures printed in India by the various auxiliaries," had then reached "*thirty-five millions, six hundred and nine thousand, nine hundred and thirty-one copies!*" When we add to this amount the large

number of issues by the venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, as also the Naval and Military, and Trinitarian Bible Societies, the lovers of God's truth may well rejoice that their lot is cast in days when the Word of God thus runs, and is thus glorified!

At the date, again, of the letter just transcribed, the Church Missionary Society could acknowledge, with thankfulness and praise, an income which had mounted to £25,000. In the year 1859, God poured that sum sevenfold into its bosom. Its income then announced was £146,376, and, including the local contributions which were raised and expended in its various missions, the glorious sum total was £161,376. But its best treasure is its converts—"hoc est monile ecclesiæ; his illa gemmis comitur." In the year 1818, the society could speak of sixty souls who had renounced "the table of devils" for "the table of the Lord." She has now to thank her God for nearly 19,000 converts, whom she can number as communicants, not including the far greater number who attend her ministrations and her schools. When we add to this the successes of the sister Church Society for the

Propagation of the Gospel, and those of the various missions carried on by our Dissenting brethren, we may again lift high our grateful hallelujahs for what God has accomplished by our hands. Yet, alas! when we transfer our eyes from what is done to what is still to be achieved, when we think of souls, almost beyond the reach of our arithmetic, who lie bound as yet in heathen, Mohammedan, and Papal darkness, the thought is almost overwhelming, and calls for "the patience of hope," to walk hand in hand with "the labour of love."

The Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, also referred to in Mrs H. More's letter, was at that time a very struggling institution, and had but just emerged out of an almost bankrupt state. It had been lifted up from its crippled and destitute condition, and through the munificence of the Rev. Lewis Way, and through his energetic labours in its cause, had shaken off embarrassments, and was beginning to start on a brighter stage of its career; but the forty-two years which have elapsed have been as memorable in the history of this society as in those of the preceding ones, and now, perhaps, more than any other institution, it

can point to a goodly number of its missionaries, and say, "These are the sons whom I have brought up." How would the spirit of Hannah More have been revived had she lived to see a church of Christ planted on Mount Zion, and a bishop, apostolical in faith and zeal, set to watch over its interests!

I produce the following letter, though not addressed to Mr Macaulay, because, while the letter in itself is interesting, it serves also to shew that the writer's high opinion of the son was not expressed only to the father, but to others:—

BARLEY WOOD, *May* 28, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I know not how to suffer Mrs Macaulay and her wonderful son to depart without a line, and it must be but a line, as I have been obliged to devote every hour I can snatch from correspondence, and the incessant interruptions of company, to the insipid work of correcting verbal and literal errors for new editions of my many volumes. I am the less concerned for being obliged to be very brief, as Mrs Macaulay will tell you all about us. That all is but little, but that little my two kind friends will like to hear.

I hope you have thanked your friend Mrs Fry for the quilt, which really exceeds my expectation. It is at present the *lion* to be shewn to company, not so much for *his* personal merit, as for the den in which he was born and bred.

Was Mr Huber able to attend the Bible meeting? *Your* unfortunate sex, I know, excluded *you* from that glorious holiday. But I hear you were at some others. I hope you were as much delighted with Lord Harrowby's speech as I was. It did honour to himself, materially served the great cause, and must have been balm to the wounds of his most excellent and much injured brother.*

I have delightful letters from Petersburg, recounting the surprising progress made in that gigantic empire, and the consistent piety and zeal of Alexander in every great and good cause. When he arrived at Moscow a great sum was prepared to be expended on the most magnificent ball in honour of

* Alluding to an attack which was made upon the Bishop of Gloucester by the then Archdeacon of Bath, when presiding at a public meeting at that city held on the behalf of the Church Missionary Society. Lord Harrowby observed, in the speech Mrs M. refers to, that, after reading much on both sides, he was confirmed in thinking that our Church "only added to its credit, dignity, and usefulness, and therefore to its strength," by its union with the British and Foreign Bible Society.

him ; but he requested the people to excuse him from accepting it, and desired this large sum might be given to the philanthropic, for the poor. Oh that our princes could be inoculated with a little of this self-denying spirit! *

Pray do recommend Gallaudet's Sermons (printed by Hatchard).† They are very good, and written under interesting circumstances ; but I believe I told you why I could not recommend them—they are dedicated to myself.

I have had presents made me of Latrobe's Visit

* As a contrast to this pleasing anecdote of Alexander of Russia, it may not be amiss to mention one of a very different nature which is related elsewhere by Mrs More of Napoleon Buonaparte. "A friend of mine," she says, "who dined lately with the Prince Regent at the Bishop of Lincoln's, writes me a story the Prince told at dinner. Two years ago, when the Russian ambassador took leave of the usurper at Paris, on the breaking out of the war between him and the allies, Buonaparte said to him, 'Sir, I will come myself into your country ; I will ruin it ; I will annihilate it!' 'Sir,' replied the ambassador, 'events are in the hand of God.'—'Non, Monsieur!' exclaimed the monster, 'je propose, et je dispose!' The Russian himself told this to the Prince."

† "Discourses on various points of Christian Faith and Practice, most of which were delivered in the Chapel of the Oratoire in Paris, in the spring of 1816, by Thomas H. Gallaudet, Principal of the Connecticut Asylum, in the United States of America, for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb. 1818."

to South Africa, and Henderson's to Iceland; but I have not found time to open the latter, and have read but a few pages of the other. Both have the merit of interesting plates.

I know not whether you have seen young Macaulay. In talents, and the cultivation of them, he is far superior to any youth I ever knew. He has all the imagination belonging to his own age, with the taste and judgment of a man. He is just snatched from the jaws of death, and came here for change of air.

Are the books advertised as coming from Madame de Staël really written by her?

My sister (who has been out but twice since October) unites in affectionate regards to you and Mr Huber.—Yours and his, very cordially,

H. More.

What scenes of drunkenness, perjury, and all manner of vices, will be pouring in upon us in the approaching Septennial Saturnalia!

To Mrs Huber.

My next letter to Lord Macaulay's father dates August 6, 1818.

My dear Friend,—Your letter found us happy in the society of your inestimable relatives, from whom we have just parted, I trust, with mutual regret. How they have been treated, in how Christian a manner they bear it, and how we have mourned over it, I must not indulge myself with saying, as I am encouraged by the General to trouble you on another subject.

I have had lately a brisk correspondence with Sir John Sinclair on the subject of his daughter's "Letters on the Principles of the Christian Faith," * which I think, considering her station, &c., a very important little piece; and also I like Mr Sinclair's speech at the Bible meeting. In the former I have objected to one passage, (p. 11,) on "a Christian's being as safe now as if he were in heaven"! Sir John sent me an abstract of it for my revision. As it appears to require a better judgment than mine, the General says he is sure you would not be displeased at my referring Sir John to you to give

* The work referred to is entitled "A Letter on the Principles of the Christian Faith. Written by Hannah Sinclair, eldest daughter of the Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair, Bart., who died on the 22nd of May 1818." It is reviewed in the *Christian Observer* for December 1818.

your opinion of this abstract, which is a sort of table of contents. You will much oblige me by your doing what I know I should not do so well. It will take very little time, or I should not impose it upon you.

I convey this through Sir John, who seems to be becoming sensible of the importance of religion. It will be a great mercy if our *two* first agriculturists should, at the eleventh hour, become decided Christians.* Sir J. clings to me rather too pertinaciously, and talks of coming here.

* The other eminent agriculturist intended was Arthur Young, Esq. In his Introduction to his "Baxteriana," or a selection from the Works of Baxter, published 1815, he touchingly relates that, eighteen years before, he had suffered a severe domestic calamity, which, for the first time in his life, led his mind into a train of thought very different from all that formed, till then, his pursuits, pleasure, or occupation. For the first time he began seriously to think of that which a Christian ought to think of every day of his existence—a future state. "When the chains which tie us to the world," says he, "begin to break, it is time to reconsider the principles of the religion we have professed: the heart demands consolation, and nominal Christianity has it not to give: for any solid comfort we must drink deeper." "O my young friends," he exclaims, "let me with truth assure you that, though I have experienced some highly flattering, and partaken of many brilliant scenes, yet would I not exchange the consolation and hope which Christianity gives me, while blind and quickly descending to the grave,

We all rejoiced at the good report of your family health, and at the state of dear Tom's mind. Love to the domestic circle, from yours, very sincerely,

H. More.

P.S.—We have had a famous Bible meeting at Wrington, at which the Bishop of Gloucester and Thaddy* were the principal figures. After the meeting, the superior part of the company adjourned to Barley Wood. We had a hundred and one at dinner, and near two hundred at tea. I never saw more apparent happiness and unanimity. Fifty dined in the house, and fifty out of doors. We got through it pretty well, but I would not undertake such a laborious business for any inferior cause. Without this exertion I am persuaded it would come to nothing here; the country is so thinly planted, and the climate rather cold. But

for the most pleasing moments of my former life, with rejuvenescence to enjoy them."

* Thaddy or Thaddeus Conely, a well-known Irish convert, who was one of the speakers at the meeting of the Prayer-book and Homily Society in May 1817, and there "stated, with great simplicity and effect, the advantage he had derived, under the Divine blessing, from the Book of Common Prayer, translated by Bishop Bedell into his native tongue."

we draw our recruits from a distance. We had near forty clergymen of the Establishment, which Thaddy said he had never seen before.

1818.

My dear Friend,—Your letter gave me more satisfaction than I have for a long time experienced relative to Church affairs. I hope I shall learn, by this surprising revolution in Episcopacy,* to trust God more, and to *manage* less for Providence than I am to apt to do. I own I have been rather sinfully apprehensive on this subject.

I greatly admire Mr Gallaudet's Sermons; they are truly serious, without any cant; at once devout and sober; the style perspicuous, and even elegant. I think they will do much good, if they can but find readers.

I am so rich in new and excellent sermons that I have not yet sent for Mr Venn's new volume,

* This refers, I believe, to the stir made during this year by the Episcopal members of the Propagation Society on the subject of Missions to the Heathen. Three special meetings were held by the society on the subject in the early part of the year, in which they resolved to extend their operations to the East Indies and Ceylon.

though they will find their place next. I have left my letters to Mr Gallaudet and the little dumb girl* open, because I did not know how to manage the ten-pound note enclosed, which you will manage better. I should like to have sent the little dumb thing my small Sacred Dramas. Should you send a parcel, perhaps you will be so good as to order one from Hatchard's for her. Your speaking of these discourses being more elegant than one expects from an American, reminds me to say that I lately had a letter from the American Ambassador in London, which is really a model of elegance. His father, Dr Rush, one of the most eminent men in the United States for science and piety, wrote me a most gratifying letter in his almost dying moments, saying he could not leave the world till he had discharged a debt he fancied he owed me, &c. &c.

Patty and I are but poor creatures, though sometimes, on a bright day, we brighten a little, and

* A MS. letter of Mr G. to Mrs More, which is in my possession, assures her of the delight with which this child perused the letter, and of how well "its perspicuous simplicity" reached her understanding. There is a pretty letter, probably from this very child, in H. More's Life, iv., p. 155.—EDITOR.

then we get so much company that we are easily knocked up.

The wisest thing you ever did—I suppose I should say next to establishing the *Christian Observer*—is to make constant use of a carriage. Why not keep one entirely?

Has Mrs Huber shewn you some bad verses of mine? If she does, pray don't let Tom see them, though he could not hold them more cheap than they deserve.

I am afraid Mr Wilberforce is far from stout, if ever that word could be applied to him. P. writes to Mrs M. by this conveyance, the *porte-feuille* of our inmate, the good Bishop of St David's. I have just read to him the passage in your letter which I knew would interest him deeply. He was delighted, and, what is surprising, the facts were quite new to him.

Sunday Evening.

I finish my letter while the Bishop is preaching in Wrington church—the first Prelate, probably, who ever mounted that pulpit.—Yours, very faithfully,

H. More.

November 1818.

My dear Friend,—I should not have written to you so soon, but, having occasion to send a cover to Mr Vansittart, I could not find in my heart to rob you of so great a pleasure as Tom's incomparable letter cannot fail to give you and his mother. I got it only last night. Pray return it very soon. I should not have written to him so soon, not being well able; but thought I should save his purse by conveying it in a letter I was writing to Trinity Lodge. By the way, the Bishop* has taken a violent fancy to me—we have been coquetting a good while. I have had several letters from him, written with great elegance and much flattery. Being too ill to come himself, he sent his son as his representative. He then begged me to receive his daughters; but I was taken ill, and forced to put them off.

What shall I do with Mr Gallaudet? He makes a great point of having some picture of mine to fix in a library he is going to establish for the deaf and dumb. Can you, without much trouble, put me in the way of conveying to him Slater's print? The good man overwhelms me with the most undeserved

* Dr Mansel, then Bishop of Bristol.

praises; but it is because he does not know me—that is the advantage of living in another continent.

I feel deeply interested in the event of your great cause by the decision of the Congress. Your most interesting letter inspired the warmest hopes; and yet men of high degree are a lie, and I have not learnt to put much confidence in princes. Yet I do in Alexander.

We have lost two able and useful men among the Evangelists, in Sangar and Simpson,* both under forty!—but oh! Sir Samuel Romilly!

P. is better, from having dined a large family of leeches yesterday. I wish these officious news-writers would leave me to pursue "the noiseless tenor of my way."

It is a striking thing that Romilly was engaged to plead against Simpson in a cause to have come on directly.

I would have copied Tom's letter, but you may let some one do it. My eyes are suffering, like the rest of me, yet I am much better, having nearly lost

* The Rev. John Thresher Sangar, A.M., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, Chaplain to Earl Grey, and Curate of St Werburgh's, Bristol, and the Rev. T. B. Simpson, Vicar of Keynsham and of Congresbury.

my cough. But I am very uncertain; some days very suffering; others, tolerably,—the liver having succeeded to the cough. Love to Mrs M.—Yours ever,

H. More.

The dying statements of one of the two clergymen here alluded to, the Rev. J. T. Sangar, are well worthy of remembrance. "In reviewing my life," he observed, "there is nothing for which I desire more to bless and magnify the God of all grace, than that He has inclined my heart to do what I could for the furtherance of those important institutions, the Bible and Church Missionary Societies; for they, in a peculiar degree, spread the name and knowledge of a Saviour." In reply to the inquiries of a friend as to the state of his mind, he said, "I enjoy perfect peace in my soul; I have had many sharp conflicts with my spiritual enemy, but, thank God, they are all over now, and I am able to rely simply on the precious promises and sure word of God. I do not feel that lively joy which I have so often seen and heard of in the dying hours of God's servants; but I am fully persuaded that I am going to receive the reward of my labours, or rather, that

God is about to bless and crown the work of His own grace." On his friend observing that such a frame as he described was preferable to one of greater rapture, "You are right," was his reply; "St Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, says, 'The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing,' placing *peace* last, as being, perhaps, the better and more perfect gift; and it is from believing that my peace proceeds. I need not look at any gross or grievous sins to find cause for humiliation before God; my duties, my prayers, my sermons, whenever I think of them, drive me for hope and pardon to the cross of Christ. I am an unprofitable servant, and my only hope is in what the blessed Saviour has done and suffered for me." He then pressed his friend's hand, and took leave of him by saying, "*Remember! remember! Christ is all.*"

I insert the following, addressed to Mr and Mrs Huber, on account of its high mention of Lord Macaulay's prize poem:—

July 22, 1819.

MY DEAR KIND FRIENDS,—I take shame to myself for delaying to answer two very kind letters, *male*

and *female*; but could you see how absorbed my time has been with conflicting engagements, I know you would forgive me. The chief subject, too, being business, and a kind of business of my own, makes me appear more inexcusable. I shall write by this same post to Mr Hillhouse. Before I wrote to him I waited for the advice of my wise friend Macaulay, who is here with his wonderful son. He agrees with me that the scene must, by no means, be laid in France, the characters and associations being peculiarly English. I have insisted that the tracts of no other persons be mixed with those of the Cheap Repository, and that evangelical principles shall be by no means lowered; though I consent to his omitting or softening any expression that may appear strong against either the country or the religion of France. I do not exactly remember that there are any such. I have suggested that the epithet of *nouveaux* affixed to *Contes Moraux* may take away the otherwise insuperable objection. I thank Mr Huber for getting rid of the *Miss*—that was too ridiculous.

We were occupied the last week in preparations for our Bible meeting at Wrington. It was an ex-

tremely good one. You will say *we* must not pretend to talk of want of health, when I tell you that, after the meeting broke up, the superior part of the company, about 130, adjourned to Barley Wood to dinner. It was a very fine day, or I know not what we should have done; for we could only accommodate about forty in the house; the rest had tables spread in the garden, and were delighted to sit *al fresco*. In the afternoon, the neighbouring gentry joined our party, so that we were above 200 to tea—about forty clergymen of the Establishment. The company all seemed pleased, and we were less fatigued than we had reason to expect.

As to the book * that is to be, about which you inquire, the printers are so dilatory that it will come out at the very worst time of the year, for London will be empty. It is, however, partly my own fault, both for beginning it so late and hurrying so much. I fear you will be among the number of those who will think me severe. But I am much hurt at seeing our country so abandoned, especially at a season when the most alarming conspiracies are forming in every part of it. We, too, have

* "Moral Sketches."

our English *Poissardes*—thousands of boys and girls meet together in the north, make speeches, and hoist the cap of liberty!! Where it will end I know not. The ringleader, a baronet—Sir Charles Wolseley—is taken into custody, and I believe is in prison.

Tom Macaulay has obtained the Chancellor's (Duke of Gloucester's) prize of a rich gold medal, for a beautiful poem, the subject Pompeii, which he first wrote, and last week recited before the Chancellor and 1200 persons in college, and has gained a high reputation by it. The verses are really worth any poet of any age.

I *should* say that nothing would have kept me silent so long, but my incessant working at this foolish book. How shall I convey it to you?

My sister joins in everything that is kind to both, with, my dear friends, yours faithfully,

H. More.

The following letter, which is addressed to Mr Macaulay, must have been almost as gratifying to his paternal feeling as the recitation at Cambridge:—

August 24, 1819.

My dear Friend,—Having obtained a frank from my dear old friend who has just left us, I am unwilling to throw it in the fire, though I feel quite disqualified from writing even a few lines, from having entertained to-day three sets of company in the hottest day I ever felt. We are both very poorly. By a kind line from Mr Babington I find you are, most of you, at the Temple;* but I risk this scrawl to London, as he said *you* were there. I think it would not be easy to find such a family party.

I am in debt to dear Tom for much entertainment. *My Royal Edict* really beats Mr Simeon's. We have been delighted with it. I am afraid he must be a lawyer. What a pity! but really his talents seem irresistibly to lead that way. This is not the only entertainment he has enabled me to give others. We have had quite an episcopal week—the Bishop of Gloucester the first part of it; the Bishop of St David's the latter part. The former read Tom's "Pompeii" to a party; all were

* Rothley Temple, the seat of Mr Babington, in Leicestershire.

charmed with it, but none more than the reader, to whom I presented my *worst* copy. The Bishop of St David's sight being too much impaired, I read the poem to him. He was much pleased, and could hardly credit the age of the writer. Professor Farish, who has also been here, gave us a pleasing account of the *Commencement*, and Tom's share in it, as Lady O. Sparrow has since done. I really wish to write to Tom, but have been so oppressed by company, and other interruptions, that I have not been able. I would not tell *him* all these flattering things; but I could not keep them from his mother.

I have had a complaint in my eyes, which to-day are worse than usual, so you will scarcely decypher me.

I have just received, from the American Colonisation Society at Washington, a present of their Report of the American Society for colonising free people of colour, sent through their ambassador, with a present from himself of his father's works. I have also lately had a very interesting letter from the Bishop of Maryland, He speaks highly of the growth of religion in his diocese—forty pious clergy-

men; with a great improvement among the higher laity. The Episcopal Church flourishes. They have now nine Bishops in the United States. His name is Kemp, an Englishman originally. In short, my transatlantic correspondence becomes too numerous; but is interesting.

I have prefixed to the new Edition of "Hints to a Princess" a short character of Princess Charlotte, for which I have had warm thanks from the Personage most interested; but as I have not noticed it in the advertisement or title, it will hardly make its way, as the book is now an old one.

I am grieved to hear that Mrs Babington does not recover her spirits. I hope the cheerful society about her will improve them.

We were expecting the Irish Secretary every day for a week; but it seems public business stopped his journey; which we regret. The Wilberforces come to us the beginning of next week. I hope this oppressive heat will abate first, that we may be more alive to receive them.

Morton Pitt came to introduce his future wife. She seems an amiable and piously-disposed woman, and, with less beauty, possesses more of the ele-

ments of happiness than she whom he has lost. His choice seems a very prudent one.

Where are these riots to end? God preserve us from unreasonable and wicked men! Our best love to all, if you are among them.—Yours very sincerely,

H. More.

The poem which was thus crowned with the laurels of the University and with the applause of Barley Wood can need no further eulogy. Every one, I should conceive, who knows how to appreciate poetic painting must admire the warmth and glow of this truly classical production. It is hard to conceive of any subject which could afford more room and scope to a mind capable of representing and portraying the sublimely terrible; and surely it is painted to the life by the pencil of Macaulay. The day on which Pompeii's doom was sealed is poetically introduced as one of no ordinary sunniness and calmness.

> "The leaves scarce rustled in the sighing breeze,
> In azure dimples curl'd the sparkling seas;
> And as the golden tide of light they quaff'd,
> Campania's sunny meads and vineyards laugh'd,
> While gleamed each lichen'd oak and giant pine
> On the far sides of swarthy Apennine."

But amid this languid listlessness of nature, the city itself is represented as full of stir and of excitement; not, indeed, the excitement of alarm and sad anticipation, but of mirth, and song, and festive entertainment. The premonitions of approaching ruin are in vain.

> "What 'vails it that, where yonder heights aspire,
> With ashes piled, and scathed with rills of fire,
> Gigantic phantoms dimly seem'd to glide,
> In misty files, along the mountain's side;
> To view, with threat'ning scowl, your fated lands,
> And towards your city point their shadowy hands?"

These, and the more ordinary notices of coming fate, are disregarded. The dance is at its height—the theatre is full—the scenes and actions of some fascinating tragedy are absorbing the spectators; and as their terrors are rising and their sorrows flowing at imaginary woes, the poet wishes for that voice to disenchant them, which is said to have been heard in the Temple of the Jews when they had the Romans at their gates.*

> "Such voice might check your tears, which idly stream
> For the vain phantoms of the poet's dream,

* "Expassæ repente delubri fores, et audita major humana vox, *Excedere Deos:* simul ingens motus excedentium."—*Tac. Hist.*, lib. v. 13.

Might bid those terrors rise, those sorrows flow,
For other perils, and for nearer woe."

And now the "syncope and solemn pause" which is put to all this revelry is finely drawn.

"The hour is come. Even now the sulph'rous cloud
Involves the city in its funeral shroud;
And far along Campania's azure sky
Expands its dark and boundless canopy.
The sun, though throned on heaven's meridian height,
Burns red and rayless through that sickly night.
Each bosom felt at once the shudd'ring thrill.
At once the music stopp'd. The song was still.
None in that cloud's portentous shade might trace
The fearful changes of another's face;
But through that horrid stillness each could hear
His neighbour's throbbing heart beat high with fear."

The picture of the reckless rush out of the theatre, regardless of all ties of blood and of affection, is poetry, alas! too true to nature; and it would be hard for any muse to sketch more touchingly the contrast between Pompeii full of life and beauty, and Pompeii in its tomb. Though all that was once so full of song and gaiety seems hushed to silence, yet no! the poet fancies that he hears the groans of some who are sepulchred alive beneath the ground, and whose case he thus awfully and vividly portrays:—

"Oh! who may sing that hour of mortal strife,
When nature calls on death, yet clings to life?
Who paint the wretch that draws sepulchral breath,
A living prisoner in the house of death?
Pale as the corse which loads the funeral pile,
With face convulsed that writhes a ghastly smile,
Behold him speechless move with hurried pace,
Incessant round his dungeon's cavern'd space,
Now shriek in terror, and now groan in pain,
Gnaw his white lips, and strike his burning brain,
Till fear o'erstrain'd in stupor dies away,
And madness wrests her victim from dismay.
His arms sink down; his wild and stony eye
Glares without sight on blackest vacancy.
He feels not; sees not; wrapp'd in senseless trance,
His soul is still and listless as his glance.
One cheerless blank, one rayless mist is there,—
Thoughts, senses, passions, live not with despair.
Haste, Famine! haste to urge the destined close,
And lull the horrid scene to stern repose.
Yet ere, dire Fiend, thy lingering tortures cease,
And all be hush'd in still sepulchral peace,
Those caves shall darker, wilder, scenes behold,
Than e'er the voice of song or fable told.
Whate'er dismay may prompt, or madness dare,
Feasts of the grave, and banquets of despair,—
Hide, hide the scene! and o'er the blasting sight
Fling the dark veil of ages and of night!"

The whole subject is strikingly wound up by a reference to the literary treasures of the buried city which time has disentombed, and by suggesting to it as a matter of some congratulation, that it was

saved, by so early a fate, from the rude hands of Attila.

Perhaps a more Christian finish might have been given to the poem. At all events, a Christian mind will scarcely think upon Pompeii, without having its thoughts led forward to a catastrophe as sudden and unlooked for, and tremendously more fearful, which awaits a reckless world.

It is well known, I believe, to the public, that this was not the only palm which was won by Lord Macaulay's muse at Cambridge. His second prize poem was entitled "Evening," and was considered, like the former, a very finished production.* I am informed by the valued friend of Hannah More who has supplied me with some other facts, that the poet recited this *propriâ personâ* at Barley Wood. "We were sitting," says this lady, "upon that occasion, in Mrs H. More's room up-stairs, and the poet lounged over a chest of drawers, in an ungraceful position, and read it aloud to the company;" but she observes that he did not do much justice to his composition by his method of delivery.

* Perhaps, if I may venture a criticism on this elegant performance, its continuity is too little interrupted, and it is too charged with allusions to those legends of romance with which the author, more than almost any of his readers, was at home.

Three weeks had scarce elapsed from the date of the last letter, when Barley Wood became again the house of mourning by the death of that eminently Christian woman, Martha More ; and her sister, thus left solitary, became an object of particular solicitude to her most familiar friends. A kind offer of Mrs Macaulay's to pay her a consolatory visit, occasioned the following response :—

BARLEY WOOD, *Oct.* 23, 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—If you still continue as able as I know you are willing to indulge me with your company, and that of dear Selina, I send a line to say that I shall rejoice to see you both, if quite convenient to you, the first, second, or third of November. Miss Roberts's leave me about the 29th of this month. You will let me know the day as soon as you have fixed it.

My health, I bless God, improves gradually, owing partly to the quiet life I lead. I have not yet been down-stairs to see anybody. Lord and Lady Teignmouth, and their five young folks, spent good part of yesterday with me in my room. Lord T. looked better than I expected to see him. I do love and

honour that man. I think his official situation the most honourable in the world.*

I believe I forgot to tell you that dear Patty left £500 to the Church Missionary Society, after the death of an aged annuitant; £100 to the Moravian; £50 to the Baptist Missionary; £1000 3 per cents. to the Society for Educating Pious Young Men for the Ministry in Bristol, with something to most of the Bristol charities.

I am under very deep concern. I fear my excellent young neighbour Miss Addington is dying. Only five little weeks ago, and *she* was under similar distress for my dear sister, and earnestly begged to sit up with her every night! She has been exemplary in the discharge of her duties, and was growing daily in piety. I cannot figure to myself a deeper desolation than that of her mother. They were all the world to each other; saw no company; visited none but us!

Will Mr Macaulay be so kind as to let the treasurer of the Poor Pious Clergy Society know that, by the will of Martha More, they will be entitled to £100 at my death?

* President of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

A sad headache, caused by the excitement of yesterday, will, I fear, make this scrawl scarcely intelligible. Do say how Mrs Inglis is when you write. I am in great concern about her.—Yours affectionately,

H. More.

To Mrs Macaulay.

Barley Wood, *Nov.* 6, 1819.

My dear Friend,—"Go to now, ye that say," &c. I am truly concerned to learn Mrs M.'s attack; and though it is night, and I have not written by candle-light these nine months, I cannot let the post go without a line. I do *beg* and *entreat* she will not think of stirring till she is *quite* well, and I know, by experience, that it is a good while before one gets quite well of the rheumatism. I assure you, I have done for a week very well, and now my eyes mend I shall do better, I trust. My neighbours have been very kind. One young man came up on Sunday to read the night sermon; another, last night, to read prayers. I am so occupied by day, that I am content to sit still at night. I be-

lieve it is Providence that just now raises me up so much work, that I may not, as King Lear says, "muse on that would hurt me worse." I have been printing in Bristol a great number of halfpenny papers, extracted from the "Life of Tom Paine." Rivington has just written to me for leave to collect and make a little cheap book of the twelve ballads and tracts I wrote in the year 1817. Cadell, who told me, some time ago, there never was so unfavourable a season for the sale of books, sent to me last night for a corrected copy of the "Sketches," as he wishes to put the fourth edition to press. I had feared the *first* edition of 1500 would never have made their way. The *Christian Observer* is very kind. I suspect Blandford; not the conspirator.* I am sorry all the reviews are from the first edition, which was very incorrect; and I have had so little heart to look at it since, that, till now, when I am trying to clear it of the more obvious faults, nothing has been done. I am sadly oppressed with letters, all kind, but painful. The Bishop of Gloucester was

* Blandford, which, as the name of a place, was then in the incumbency of the Ven. C. Hoare, was also the name of a comrade of Radical Hunt.

here to-day. It was a trying interview. My spirits are weak, and I am easily overset; but, through the grace of God, I am supported.* Mr Lewis Way has been to see me. So, you see, I do pretty well. These dreadful Radicals help to take one out of one's-self.

Be sure, don't let Mrs M. stir. I would not, for any gratification of mine, cause the least danger to a health so important. My love to her.—Yours affectionately,

H. More.

I dread to-morrow's paper, after the meeting.

That a visit from Mrs Macaulay was not a little acceptable to Mrs More may be gathered from the following mention of her in a letter to some common friends, and written whilst she was staying at Barley Wood:—"Mrs Macaulay desires to be kindly remembered to you. Her mild, accommodating temper, her sober sense and piety, make her a very

* She alludes to this visit, in a letter of the same date, as follows:—"The angel of the Church of Gloucester has paid me a kind visit. He is again doing all the duty of this see, (Bath and Wells,) confirming, &c. I told him he led a very wicked life, continually heaping coals of fire on certain heads." She alludes, I believe, to his returning, in a manner, good for evil, by assisting a prelate who had *not* treated *him* with kindness.

suitable companion, though I grieve at her absence from her family."

The kind friend, who has supplied me with some particulars before mentioned, thus describes, as one of the *minutiæ* recorded in her memory on a visit of Mrs M. and her son to Mrs More—"One morning, I remember, I made breakfast for him at Barley Wood, and his doting, indulgent mother whispered in my ear, 'My dear, give Tom good strong tea.'"*

Barley Wood, *Feb.* 2, 1820.

My dear Friend,—Having the chance of slipping this scrap under cover to Mr Robert Grant, I seize the few minutes I have to ask you to convey the enclosed to the Secretary of the Prayer-book and Homily Society, in my name, as I promised I would do what I could; but that is little or nothing. I broke prison yesterday, after six weeks. I was not able to be down-stairs to receive the bridal folks from Kensington Gore, who spent a day and night here. Their dear father desired me

* As an excuse for the mention of so slight an anecdote, be it remembered that the biographers of Dr Johnson, Macaulay among the rest, never omit his love of tea. He drew his pen in its defence.

to invite them, as I had done himself and his bride twenty-two years ago, to spend their first few days here! Miss Roberts's happened to be here, luckily, to entertain them at meals; the intervals they spent in my room. He behaved very properly, but I have no time to enlarge. God bless you all!

H. M.

February 1820.

My dear Friend,—Amidst such awful visitations in the land, one is almost ashamed to speak of so poor a thing as one's-self; but I owe both you and Mrs M. letters, which I should have written before, but that going down-stairs brought on my chest a fresh attack, which not only remanded me to my chamber, but to my bed. I thank God I am nearly recovered, though still in my room. I have been particularly delighted with the three last *Christian Observers* on Public Affairs. When my poor sister Sally used to be much pleased with anything she read, she used to say, "I believe I wrote it myself, and forgot it." This was my feeling. I am so glad,

too, that you brought Sir W. D. into view. Garth said too truly—

> "That little villains must submit to fate,
> That great ones may enjoy the world in state."

An Atheist in the Privy Council should, at least, keep his impiety to himself, and not turn author. But what a *per contra* have you given in the Bishop of Chester!

I wrote my letter about Madame Necker in sickness and hurry; but if I had not, I should not have thought it worth taking a copy. As you approve it, I wish I had. I should like to see Mr Gisborne's letter to her on receiving the book. Mr Davison, when here the other day, laughed heartily at the two shillings' worth of morality, which is advertised to be tacked on in a new catastrophe to "Delphine." Madame Necker's talents are splendid, and will, I fear, procure acceptance for very false principles. What a jargon! to call morality "Organisation Sociale," and that repeatedly. Is it not the language of the Galls and Spurzheims?

I hear, from the best authority, that Radicalism is most successfully propagating. Among many other schools there is one in Manchester of one

thousand scholars and one hundred and thirty teachers, and two at Oldham of several hundreds. Here the children's copy-books are headed with some sentence of abuse of kings, government, religion, &c. Every idea of Christianity is systematically banished. I fear our rulers fancy the danger is over because the out-door clamour is stilled. Milton makes one of his very sensible demons say,

——"Who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe."

By the way, I have a great notion that Milton took the hint of those exquisitely drawn characters, the heroes of Pandemonium, from his friends the members of the "Long Parliament."

I am not very rich at present, or rather, I am pretty poor; but, on the speculation that I shall improve my funds next summer from my booksellers, on whom I have not drawn for nearly four years, I endorse £20 for your London Clerical Society, if they will accept so small a donation. I wish poor Patty had known such a society existed; she would not have omitted it in her will.

As soon as I get down-stairs, I will send the books for the Bishop of Maryland, which you said

you would be so good as to get shipped for Baltimore; and may I say, in my letter to him, that you will add to them your valuable present of the *Christian Observer?*

My kind regards to Mrs M. and the young ones, especially Selina, whom I most know. I hope the reports from Cambridge are such as you wish. —Yours sincerely,

H. More.

The observations made in the foregoing letter, on its being a mistake of Government to suppose that the spirit of sedition was extinguished because force had put it down, are surely such as experience will justify. Lord Shaftesbury, and those who act with him, may well be considered to have discovered the *true* secret, because the *Christian* secret, of dealing with that troubled sea, the populace. It was not from theory, or from *à priori* speculations, but rather from Scripture and experience, that his Lordship exclaimed in the House the other day—"What the people of England want is not *patronage* but *sympathy*—the bringing of heart to heart, the acknowledgment on the part of persons of all conditions, of all degrees of wealth, that they are

men of like passions with themselves,—with the same hopes, the same aspirations, the same sympathies, and the same fears. If any Prime Minister of England, and those associated with him in the government, would only shew that sympathy, especially in its highest and most solemn form, the people may be led like a lamb in their hands." Our Ragged Schools and Special Services serve, as far as the experiment has been tried, to illustrate the truth of these striking and suggestive statements. It may surely be claimed as the result, under God, of labours of this nature, of an increase of faithful ministers, and of means of grace both ordinary and extraordinary, that our great manufacturing towns, which have doubled, or even trebled their population since this letter was indited, are no longer the triumphant fields of revolutionary orators.* Philanthropy is, indeed, stepping now out of all its customary bounds, coming up over all its channels, and going over all its banks. It is committing great irregularities. It is not only teaching in our lanes and alleys, but preaching even in our

* The Manchester agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society reports, that the issue of Scriptures in his district in 1858 amounted to about 50,000 copies.

lowest theatres to the lowest of our population. It is calling Magdalens together at a midnight hour, and surprising them with unexpected admonitions. Not only are the rigid and punctilious shocked at its eccentric doings, but even many of its friends have stood in doubt as to their correctness and propriety. But when we look upon the unapproached wickedness of our cities and great towns, we may well be led to cry, "Is there not a cause?" The zealous men who are thus invading vice in its strongholds are not stepping, after all, beyond the limits of His pattern, who was, in one sense, "the Friend of publicans and sinners," or beyond the extent of His commission, who bids them call as many as they find unto the wedding: and the result seems hitherto to have justified the movement, and to say that it has the stamp and imprimatur of that Heavenly Master, whose approbation, let it be remembered, is the grand object to be aimed at.*

* Alas! whilst philanthropy is transforming theatres to churches, Puseyism is as busy in turning churches into theatres where Romish dramas are enacted; and how frightful, in one case, the results! "If thou wilt play the mountebank," says quaint old Gurnall, "choose not the pulpit for thy stage."

May 22, 1820.

My dear Friend,—I am inexpressibly obliged to you for the highest enjoyment I have had during my illness—your most interesting information, expressed with so much animation and feeling that I was perfectly overcome by it. I could only bless God, and wonder. It was true Christian kindness to relieve my solitude with such reports, under the heavy pressure of your various concerns. I dare not advert to those gratifying topics, or to the horrors, crimes, and deliverances which have recently passed before us in rapid succession. Man will find that God still reigns.

You invite egotism, but I scarcely know what to say of myself. It is now eight months since I have tasted the fresh air—a pleasure, says Cowper, little thought of by those who live in it; but, says he,

> "They do not scorn it, who have long endured
> A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs."

I have not been out of my room for more than six months, except the morning I went down to breakfast with Mr Cunningham, whose company is worth some sacrifice. At the end of six weeks I have quitted my bed, part of the day, for my sofa.

To me it is so great a mercy to be out of bed that almost any suffering is tolerable but that which is felt *in* it. I am thankful to say I can now eat a little—that is, asparagus and sea-cale; and sleep a little—that is, with opiates. Almost every other day and night I feel considerably better, but the alternate day and night I suffer exceedingly with all the pain and debility which you, an experienced sufferer in the liver, know to attend on a state extremely bilious. The event will be such as pleases Infinite Wisdom and Mercy. I trust that He will enable me cheerfully to submit to His will, whatever it shall determine for me. But I cannot be very anxious for the poor remnant of a life which, at best, must only be a short and painful reprieve. I have always been pleased with an expression of old Dr Hammond, which I wish I could more cordially adopt—"My great desire is not to *rather* anything." Dr Lovell doesn't allow me to see any one. It vexes me when friends come many miles out of their road, and are inhospitably sent away.

Tom's Anacreontic is exquisite. It is almost incredible that he could do it off-hand. There is an airiness, and spirit, and lightness equal to Catullus,

and far better than anything either in Waller or Prior; but how *can* the grave college Dons tempt the boys with such subjects? This morsel evidences as much true taste as anything Tom has written. I congratulate him on the Scholarship.*

I fear I have given offence to the Hubers by my plain dealing with Madame Necker. They invited it however. I used to receive three or four letters to one that I answered, and now have never had a line from them since I wrote that letter. As our friendship is of nearly forty years' standing, I should be sorry to have hurt them.

I had several things to say, but I have almost exceeded my powers. With kind love to all, yours, my dear friend, very sincerely,

H. More.

I am thankful to say I have lost the incessant cough which harassed me so many months. If the physicians could teach you and me the secret of not

* In a letter I received from a relative this year, I was informed, "Young Macaulay has just gained a Latin prize. It is for an Essay (as I understand) in praise of Dryden's writings. The candidates had each the choice of the poet, who must have been a member of that university, for the subject of their eulogy, and I think he chose well as far as regards genius; it was a genius, however, often miserably prostituted."—Editor.

catching cold, it would be a more valuable nostrum than is to be found in the whole *Materia Medica.* I enclose to Sir T. Acland. What a fine creature he is! This moment, a sweet cheering letter from dear Wilberforce, but I have wept to think how little I have deserved it.

[1820.]

My dear Friend,—It is not to let you see the fine things said to me in the enclosed that I send the letter of the principal American bookseller, but to know if you have any connexion with Liverpool merchants who can help me to recover the books. I never received the former ones.

Ten days ago I would have given a favourable report of myself; I saw a friend or two for the first time—Charles Hoare, &c.—but have since had a severe seizure for five days. I am a little better again. So fluctuating am I, and so reluctant is this little remnant of life to quit its hold! I don't like the thoughts of not seeing you and Tom before he goes back. What is the *latest* you *could* come, in case I have no relapse? for at present I could only see you for a short time together. But I may im-

prove ; we must trust to Providence for a future day, assured that all will be well if *He* is the Director.

I am glad you do not disapprove the little Preface. When I came to see it in print, I cannot describe to you my consternation at my own baseness. In enumerating the glories of the late reign, could you conceive it possible that I, even I, could have forgotten—What? The abolition! I was ready to tear my hair. Unable to write myself, I got Miss Frowd to write to Cadell to cancel two leaves, not caring for the expense. I was sorry to learn that six hundred copies had been already disposed of ; but he promised to insert my little additions in the unsold copies. Angry as I was with myself, if any one knew the condition in which the thing was written, they would rather wonder I had remembered so many circumstances of less importance.*

Your letter was quite a treat to me, as your

* Mrs More is here alluding to the preface to the sixth edition of her "Moral Sketches," in which she reviews the reign of George III. The event in that reign which it grieved her so much to have forgotten is one, however, which the reader of that Preface will not now desiderate; for it is thus distinctly brought into remembrance:—"The peculiar glory which distinguishes the period we are commemorating is that of our having wiped out the foulest blot that ever stained, not only the character of Christian Britain, but of human nature itself, by the abolition of the opprobrious traffic in the human species."

letters generally are. I have not yet been able to write to the Hubers. Miss Frowd* is my chaplain, answers my letters, reads to me, and what is more than all, sees my company below. She also looks after my schools, which, I bless God, are still flourishing. The teachers are pious and prudent, of our own forming more than twenty years ago. God has prospered me. I am now useless, but

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

May I be a waiting, now I can no longer be a working servant!

What do you mean to do with the Q. of the Radicals? Oh! expatriate her, at any rate, at any cost!

I am much pleased with Milman's "Fall of Jerusalem." Though not a faultless, it is a striking and very interesting work, and no bad set-off against Byronism.

If I live, I shall look forward with pleasure to Mrs Macaulay's kind promise late in the year, which was the time she seemed to like.

* It may be as well to observe, that this lady, after the decease of Mrs Martha More, most kindly devoted herself, for many years, to the comfort of her surviving sister. It was truly "a labour of love." She was the Unwin of Barley Wood.

Tuesday.

I am much better than when I began this scrawl a day or two ago. I was struck, on paying my servants' wages just now, to be reminded that it was the fourth quarter I had paid them since I have been confined to my room.

The Memoir of Dean Milner, in the last *Christian Observer*, is admirably done. I suspect it was between you and dear W. My heart aches when I think of *him*, and I think of him very, very often.

I feel for Tom's disappointment;* but, in a moral point of view, it may have its uses. It may stimulate diligence, and promote humility.

Apropos of the enclosed—I am a little acquainted with Mr and Mrs Gladstone, and would have desired them to get the book for me; but I suppose he is in town attending Parliament. With my kind regards to your whole house, believe me faithfully yours,

H. More.

I hope your strong remonstrance on Sunday newspapers will be attended to. They are a crying

* Alluding to the failure of his poem entitled "Waterloo" to win the prize proposed on that subject by the University.

sin. I send this in a parcel of Miss Frowd's, going into the city.

I break open my letter to say I have this moment received your last, enclosing Mr Brougham's *galanterie.*

Mr Macaulay's "strong remonstrance on Sunday newspapers," alluded to above, is worth transcribing; for the poison is still at work. He had been adverting to the Cato Street conspiracy, the atrocious plot which was concocted this year for the assassination of the Cabinet Ministers, and so happily defeated. "We can hardly doubt," observes Mr M., "that the meditated assassination originated in those wicked and diabolical efforts which have been making, for some time past, through the medium of the periodical press, and more particularly by means of Sunday newspapers, to poison the public mind; to undermine the principles of reverence towards God, and loyalty to the King, and to generate a contempt for all those moral restraints, for all those social charities, and for all those compunctious visitings of nature which are calculated to

arrest the hand of cold and premeditated murder; and which have hitherto, at least in this happy land, surrounded life and property with a guard more powerful than even the sword of justice or the array of military force. We trust that Government will be on the watch to prevent the continued diffusion of this subtle pestilence, and that early measures will be taken to suppress those worst vehicles of it, the Sunday newspapers."

Little wonder that the man who could express himself with so much righteous indignation on the subject of the Sunday press, should bring down upon his head its libellous attacks. "It is some additional honour," observes an old writer, "to be ill spoken of by those that are evil. For as it is a discommendation to be commended by such, and a kind of disrespect to be respected by them, so it is our commendation to be discommended by them, and an argument of our integrity when they condemn us." *

—— "What delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise?"

* Caryl on Job, vol. vi., p. 117.

[1820.]

My dear Friend,—The print of the *Courier* is so small that I cannot look at it the night it comes, and it is too great an expense of eyesight even next morning, as well as of time; for I have been the last week, and still am, alone. I therefore beg the favour of one of your clerks to call and change it for the *New Times*, who, expanding their matter into more columns, have a better print. Have you got from Cadell my present to Lady Ross, "Hints to a Princess" and "Strictures?" Mrs M. will let me know if you have got the print for Gallaudet, and I will pay for it when I pay for the newspapers.

Tell Mrs M. we have had a loyal meeting at Wrington—much too loyal for me, and even for Mr Addington, who attended. A set of justices, of the very lowest order, belonging to another district, and very hostile to ours, brought their own address ready cut and dried, very ill written, and so very High Church (the common case of men who have little knowledge and no religion,) that *our* clergy and magistrates strongly opposed it, on the ground that it positively excluded every Dissenter, however well disposed, from signing. The strangers grew insolent, and declared, with violence, they would not

part with a word. No wonder; it was the first occasion they ever had of shewing their authorship. Our party (though we had an address of our own ready) gave up the point, that it might be said out of doors it was carried unanimously. So much for village politics.

The good Bishop and Mrs Ryder passed a night here last week. He says the Radicals consider him quite as one of their own, since he voted for the divorce clause, and he had the extreme mortification of having his carriage drawn, I won't say by his fellow-creatures, but by a set of Radicals, through Cheltenham. As they put their hats into his carriage for money, I now understand the secret of those human brutes being so fond of drawing coaches.

I was exceedingly shocked at the death of Christophe.* I have a very affecting and dejecting letter from dear Wilberforce on the occasion. I conceive this to be a great loss; but the spirit of the first-born Cain seems to have broken loose. Is there one

* Henry Christophe, the black monarch of Hayti, raised from a slave to absolute power, seems to have been an extraordinary man. He was taking remarkable steps for the enlightenment of his country. He sent Mr Wilberforce £6000 to procure him schoolmasters, &c.

quiet nation in the world? Oh, what a comfort to know that there is one in Heaven!

I hear from an authority which I take to be pretty good, that there will be a partial change of Ministry. I hope it is not one which will affect the Bishop of Gloucester, or Charles Grant. I have just got a letter from the most elegant of my transatlantic friends, the Rev. — Bruer, of New York. He says his friend H. at Paris, is odd and eccentric, but is kept in order by the Countess of Pastoret and Duchess of Broglie, who assist him with their advice in this tract business, and who expect more good from their translation than I think they will gain.

The Bishop of St David's writes in spirits about the new Royal Society of Literature. I presume you have seen the new list of subjects and premiums. It consists chiefly of discussions on Greek learning. I wish it may awaken in the Royal Patron that taste which he was once said to possess. I remember, thirty years ago, his preceptor told me he was a good scholar. I fear he has ever since then subsisted on his then stock, which, like other stocks, has been long declining. Distribute my affections to your fireside. I am tolerably just now.—Ever very truly yours,

H. More.

[1820.]

My dear Friend,—Your interesting letter relieved my mind from the heaviest part of the burden of the miserable Royal business—the dread of recrimination. Lord Grey did himself honour, and I rejoice it came from that quarter. I have read with *great* interest Mr Brougham's Education speech. Oh, if public debates were chiefly confined to such subjects! What a comprehensive mind he has! In my own little narrow sphere I once set out on a plan which I have often wished could be made use of, and which *was* doing good while I was let alone. I chose a very sensible as well as pious man for my schoolmaster. In one parish he taught two hundred children on Sundays, and a limited number of the poor on week-days, with permission to add a dozen farmers' and tradesmen's sons in the week, who were to *pay* him. He instructed them as carefully in religion as in worldly learning, and the parents liked very well to have religion into the bargain. My object was to train this class with a view to their filling hereafter the important offices of overseers, constables, and jurymen. Men who fill these offices are commonly as ignorant of the

nature of an oath, and of all moral obligation, as the beasts that perish. Mr Bere, by charging me with seditious practices, put an end to these golden dreams, and it was one of the heaviest trials of my life to turn adrift two hundred children, a hundred adults, and my valuable schoolmaster.

The Irish philosopher said there were three sorts of motion—the motion of going forward, the motion of going backward, and the motion of standing still. I have tried them all; the last week, the retrograde. The hoarseness and weakness of the trachea continue, and it is only this inconvenient portion of my complaints which reconciles me to your deferring your visit; for I should make a bad hand of it with Tom, with my mouth hermetically sealed. My enlargement, however, is so far advanced that I have breakfasted twice in the adjoining chamber with impunity.

Dr Lovell, and Dr Carrick, have both volunteered me a kind visit this week, and I have swallowed as many nauseous draughts as Tom took of *John Brown*. They are too kind in trying to patch up "this frail and feverish being;" but I hope I do not, like King Asa, look to any but the Great Physician.

Monday.

The more I contemplate Mr Brougham's grand scheme the more am I struck with it; it so comprehended the vast and the minute, the outline and the detail. I rejoice that, by keeping the Dissenters in the background, he may be more likely to stimulate the regular troops. I hope it will be published in a pamphlet, and that every lord, squire, and parson in the kingdom will buy, and not only buy, but read, inwardly digest, and outwardly adopt it.

I only doubt about one clause—the omission of the Catechism. Should not the children be taught their articles of faith?*

A kind visit to-day from the Bishop of Gloucester has cheered me much. He is an optimist as to public events. I, too, am one in speculation, and endeavour to be so practically. I shall be impatient

* If the exposition of this bill as given in the *Christian Observer* be correct, the Catechism is *not* omitted; for, according to the summary there given of it, "the Scriptures were to be taught, and no other religious book, or book not religious, without the consent of the clergyman, except the Church Catechism, to which half a day in the week was to be appropriated; the children of Dissenters attending or not, as their parents should think proper."

to read the state of public affairs in the *Christian Observer*, which I expect this evening. The bishop is greatly pleased with Mr B.'s speech; but agrees with me about the Catechism.

I have run on, saying the things I had not thought of saying, and not saying what I had intended. Poor Bishop of Bristol! I hear Dr Kaye is talked of as his successor.

Remember me kindly to Mrs M., Tom, &c. Miss Frowd adds her best regards. I hope Tom will not fail to bring his "Waterloo."—Yours, my dear friend, very truly,

H. More.

I read your last letter to the bishop. He derived much satisfaction from it.

In a fragment of a letter, of about the same date, she says—

Dear Patty used to say there were but two real evils, bile and sin. Though still as closely immured as Hunt himself, and condemned to as complete solitude, I am now able to creep about my room, to my comfort, and to scrawl tiresome letters to your annoyance. My love to Mrs M. and the young

ones, Cantab and all. I enclose to Mr Hart Davis. —Yours, my dear friend, very affectionately,

H. More.

[*December* 1820.]

My dear Friend,—I should have answered Mrs Macaulay's kind letter, but have been very poorly ever since she left me. To-day I feel better. I am glad the dear children got home in such spirits. They are nice girls. Hannah is a fine creature, and Margaret a delight. I am sorry your cold has pulled you down. Did Mrs M. tell you my injunctions of the silk handkerchief at the nose and mouth? Two consumptive physicians of my acquaintance said they prolonged their lives by securing those two inlets to evil.

Mr Leeves is better. It would indeed be a great blessing to get a right minister for 1500 people, many of them longing for a faithful shepherd; but I fear there is little hope. Lord D., it is said, has thirty candidates.

Charles Grant says, in a letter I have just re-

ceived, "All history abounds with instances of popular infatuation almost incredible; but the sort of frenzy which has seized England surpasses every former example. It is a degree of madness and recklessness of all principles and all consequences, such as I question if any other country could parallel."

We did, indeed, think you rather hard upon Ministers. I think there never was a set of men in so pitiable a condition. I marvel that they wait to be turned out; that they do not withdraw of themselves. I believe they have wanted courage; but if they had exerted it, they would have been still more abused. I thought the Lord Chancellor far too conceding on the trial. But we have great obligations to them. They put a glorious end to a war which neither the gigantic intellect of Pitt, nor that of Fox, could achieve. They have, in our service, barely escaped assassination, to which they are still every hour liable. As an instrument, what do we not owe to Wellington? the very roof perhaps which covers us; and nothing ever sunk human nature so low, in my estimation, as the savage treatment he has met with. I am a very

poor judge of these matters; but I do think that the independent party, as they are called, have a strong leaning to opposition. Lord Calthorpe appeared to me to want stability as much as the men he condemns; he, and some others, were not less vacillating, if we may judge by their change of opinion on the trial. I am willing Ministry should go out, because then we shall be sure of a gentlemanly Opposition.

I do not find Mortlock has anything to do with the projected Royal Society of Literature, except giving money. It would be a strange undertaking for him. I have had several letters from the Bishop of St David's, who has never named him, and who is himself the conductor: I have sent to Wilberforce his last letter, desiring him to send it you. It is in answer to my saying, I feared it would be made a vehicle for politics. He declares the contrary. I also told him I was of opinion that there would be an impropriety in attaching the names of *women*, at least my insignificant name; that, independent of my want of pretensions, *sex* alone was, in my eyes, a disqualification. I find the chief object is to give the poor King a lift, not by

panegyrising him, but by giving a turn to his mind, and affording him an honourable and liberal object to support, and (between ourselves) to raise the tone of his character.

I have just received two books from Scotland: the one from Mr Erskine of Edinburgh, on the Evidences; the other from Dr Stevenson Macgill, Professor of Divinity at Glasgow. The latter is prefaced with a very handsome and undeserved dedication to unworthy me. Do you know anything of these gentlemen?

Our neighbouring parishes are putting their wise heads together for a loyal address. The parishes in Bristol address separately, besides the leading men at Merchants' Hall.

I enclose to Mr Hart Davis. I like "Saturday and his Brothers" much.* I suspect Wilks.

Lord Darlington has done me two great civilities —sold me a piece of land, refusing every one else, and lately remitted a poor tenant at my request.

Thursday.

The verses slightingly alluded to in the following

* Alluding to a clever paper in the *Christian Observer* for November 1820, headed "Saturday and his Six Brothers."

letter were published, during the course of this year, under the title of "Bible Rhymes." "If," observes my father, "any one were to ask us to give them a general description of Mrs More's spirit and manner, in conversation with her friends, we do not know that we could convey the idea more effectually than by referring them to this little book of familiar rhymes. The inquirer would there find a graceful, flowing, unstudied exhibition of the most important truths which can interest a mind anxious about its immortal concerns; the pastime, if we may so express ourselves, of an intellect great, and a spirit lofty, in the smallest undertakings; and through the gaiety of whose unpretending couplets, a vein of pious composure, of affectionate sensibility, and tempered zeal, is characteristically apparent. Just of this sort is the conversation of Hannah More—easy, pointed, unpresuming, pure, spiritual, and learned. We have therefore a great value for this little book, as a sort of portrait of the ordinary manner of this distinguished woman." I cannot forbear from extracting the honourable tribute to Mrs H. More with which the article concludes:—

"Such is the productive energy of the mind of Mrs Hannah More, amidst declining years, sufferings, and bereavements. She now pursues the remainder of her journey alone, after losses which have left the world almost a wilderness for her. But she treads the valley not companionless; her thoughts are cheerful company, faith supports her steps, hope illumines her path, charity cheers her progress. She has still a large family that stand spiritually related to her, among the mothers, and wives, and daughters of Britain; and, at this moment, there does not live the woman connected with society by so many gentle ties and endearing affinities. When we consider her long and laborious service in the cause of humanity; the diffusive good wrought by the various productions of her intellect; her tracts, which have opened the prospect of another world in the darkest corners of that in which we live; her treatises, which have forced their way among the highest ranks, and gained for truth, and conscience, and the claims of the soul, a short hearing amidst the revelry and riot of tumultuary pleasures; when we think of those personal labours of love that once filled a wide

circuit of visitation round her happy residence, when her presence carried joy and consolation, and instruction, to the scenes of want and woe, and brutal ignorance, we feel a sort of kindred cord which binds us to her, together with the whole human race."—*British Review*, vol. xviii., pp. 102, 109.

[*January* 1821.]

My dear Friend,—I send some doggerel verses. I think they are *below* Hannah, but may be about equal to Margaret's attainments. I wrote, or rather spoke them, of an evening, while I was nursing the sick child,* who, at the worst, was always crying out for *poetry*, and I wrote them down on the following mornings. The "New Testament" shall follow soon. I have been quite alone above a month, during which I had a severe attack. A violent shivering fit was prelude to a high fever; but, through the mercy of God, it did not last many days. I am tolerably again. I have many things I wish to say, but have been overdone with

* A child of one of her servants, whom Mrs More kindly befriended.

petty cares, which make up in number what they want in weight. I was never more busy even when I was better qualified for business. This is always the case at Christmas, and solitude was no bad thing for me. I don't see either in Hatchard's or Cadell's bill the two copies of the works I promised to send your General. I fear you have forgotten it. Pray recollect "Hints to a Princess," and "Strictures on Education." Miss Roberts's are coming to me. I hope you are all enjoying your Christmas, with your children, in health and comfort.

Do things at all mend, either in the world of politics or commerce? I fear not. Tell Mrs M. I have just had three letters to announce the death of old Mr V. in Park Street. He was the oldest friend I had; much above half a century,—an honest man, but, alas! a decided infidel. He would never let any speak to him on religion but me. He heard me with kindness, but said it was too late; he was deservedly shut out from mercy. I have grieved much for him.

[*Jan.* 1821.]

My dear Friend,—Poor dear Mrs Cunningham! How deeply I sympathise with him, you may guess by your own feelings. But *such* a death-bed! Oh, how consoling! When you see him, pray assure him of my cordial sympathy. I dare not write to him; and, if I did, what could I say? Yes, I could say that she is in heaven. Oh, what a softener of sorrow! Yet, so sweet a companion; yet, such a houseful of children! God, I trust, will bless them, and comfort the forlorn father.

Mr Wilberforce, and his two boys, have just left us. He is, I think, very well, and less depressed with the state of things than I expected, though full of anxiety. If the books are not yet gone to the General for Lady Ross, Mr W. advises that "Cœlebs," or the Tracts, should be added, as being more amusing. They may help off the others.

Apropos of tracts. I have a case of conscience to put to you. I believe I told you that Dr Hamilton had written to me for leave to print more of my tracts than I had before allowed for the Edinburgh Sabbath Schools, of which he is secretary. I had granted this partially, when comes a letter from a

Mr Gifford, secretary to the New Edinburgh Tract Society, requesting my leave that they should print them on the most extensive scale, not only to supply the Scottish Union, but saying that they have from Ireland also very large orders for my tracts; from one hundred to three hundred of each tract. I am rather afraid I have told you this before, but am not sure. I risk, however, the mention. I have been debating with myself and with a conscientious neighbour, whether it is quite fair dealing to Rivington, to whom I have given in part the property.

BARLEY WOOD, *May* 21, 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Being quite worn down with company all day, I have but five minutes in which to write; but a ridiculous circumstance having obliged me to write in a hurry to the Bishop of St David's, to rectify an odd blunder of his, I snatch up a pen to send a line to you under his cover, lest the same blunder should be propagated. We (the bishop and I) correspond very often. Last night I received a letter from him, thanking me for the good news he had just heard from my letter, that I

intended immediately to pay him a visit at his palace in Carmarthenshire, and saying, that he and his lady would be ready to receive me there on the 30th of this month. Judge of my astonishment! I, who have been confined to my room a year and a half, who have no prospect of ever going so far as even to Bristol, when I do break prison,—that *I* should propose to cross the sea to go into Wales! All this I am now writing to his blundering lordship. But, you will say, why do I write it to *you?* Why, because he will naturally mention to his friends and mine this extravagant story, and they must think either that I am out of my wits, or a great hypocrite —to write to *one* that I am as close a prisoner as Henry Hunt, and to *another*, that I am going to take a scamper through the principality.

I am, however, I thank God, beyond all expectation recovered. My days are pretty good, and frequent bad nights I must expect.

I thank you for your interesting report of the saints' festivals. It is, indeed, a very exhilarating account. My neighbour Sandford has just been giving it me *viva voce.* Thank God! *

* The Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible

I truly sympathise with you and the poor mother on the alarming illness of your dear boy. I heartily hope that the cure may be radical. Tell Mrs M., with my love to her, not to think of me in the course of the autumn, if, in the smallest degree, it should interfere with her necessary attendance on her invalid son. If I live, we shall, I trust, have other opportunities of meeting.

Looking back on this scrawl, I see I did not mention what I told the bishop I supposed must be the case. His sight is extremely bad, and I imagine he cast his eyes on the letter of some other friend, concluding it to be mine, without looking at the name; and that this *other* friend had invited *him* or *her* self to the palace.

I am very highly pleased with Wilks's book. I went through it without stopping. I think it shews great ability and judgment, a freedom from party spirit, honesty in touching on dangerous topics, and

Society was attended this year, to a very unusual extent, by the magnates of the country. Besides Lord Teignmouth the President, the cause of the Society was pleaded that day by his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, by the Bishop of Gloucester, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by the Earl of Harrowby, by Lord Calthorpe, and by the present Lord Glenelg, then Secretary of State for Ireland.

discretion in keeping out of them. I really think it *must* make its way, and do *some* good to the author, and *much* to the reader. The above-named bishop approves of it highly.*

I have lately had a very interesting letter from our friend the Brighton chaplain of near three sheets. Things look well. I am one who, without being sanguine (I am constitutionally the contrary), yet rejoice in the day of small things. I have told him, in my answer, that we must not expect too much, nor too soon. We must allow for inveterately bad habits, a polluted atmosphere, and the worst society. It was fortunate that the King's two physicians had recommended "Buchanan's Life" to him before P. presented it. It was highly approved by

* The work thus highly eulogised was entitled, "Correlative Claims and Duties; or, An Essay on the Necessity of a Church Establishment, and the means of exciting Devotion and Church Principles among its Members; to which the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and Church Union in the Diocese of St David, adjudged a premium of £50 in December 1820." The able author of this work is the Rev. S. C. Wilks, A.M., now Rector of Nursling, Hants. His Prize Essay on the Signs of Conversion or Unconversion in Ministers, written whilst still an undergraduate at Oxford, was put into the hands of candidates for orders by the late Bishop Ryder. It is a most superior performance.

the King.—With my kind regards to your household, I am, my dear friend, yours sincerely,

H. More.

Barley Wood, *Nov.* 17, 1821.

My dear Friend,—Though I have nothing special to say, yet Mrs Macaulay's information, that you are about to remove to Brighton for the winter, induces me to send a line, while you are in the way of receiving it, through Mr Hart Davis. I hope the sea air may be beneficial to all. Pray tell Mrs M. that Mr Pickersgill and his two female *Sosias* left us a fortnight ago, and that her turban did its part. The portraits are said to be well painted, and the likeness strong. She will probably call on them in Soho Square. Dear, lively Sir T. Acland came to watch over his; and it is well that each proprietor likes his own picture best. The undertaking, I may call it compulsion, to sit was to me a petty martyrdom; but I was remarkably well during the whole. I have lately been suffering in another way more than ever—from company. It is a sad life. "I loathe it, I would not live always." With so few sands remaining in my glass I ought to have more time to myself. The Miss Roberts's reckoned four-

score visitors in the short time they stayed. The day before yesterday I had ten at once. I can do no more; I return no visits, and give no invitations. They are indeed, generally, truly religious persons, or such as desire to become so.

I had yesterday a most interesting family, Mrs Colquhoun, &c. She is the broken-hearted widow of the Lord Registrar of Scotland. She lost him and two grown-up daughters, almost together. Her son is now the most promising student at Oriel.* She is a fine, young-looking woman, very pious; and secludes herself from all worldly company. She is deeply humble, and humbles me by her too kindly over-rating me. On these occasions I am ready to borrow the answer of Dr Johnson, "Sir, I am a miserable sinner."

I have now two very promising new neighbours, to whom I shall think it my duty to lend myself as much as I can. You know the deplorable match my poor friend, Lord W., made. Of course when he settled in his fine place in this neighbourhood, I rejected every solicitation to visit a house where I

* John Campbell Colquhoun, Esq., once well known to the editor as his fellow-collegian, and now better known to the public as an accomplished author, and as an eloquent advocate of the Protestant cause upon the platform.

had so often been with his mother. This yielding, thoughtless young man can no longer afford to live at a place he has so much embellished. His only surviving brother (two have been drowned) is come to live there. You know he is married to W.'s daughter. He came to ask my leave to bring his wife. I have seen them twice, and hope they will prove a blessing to this neighbourhood. They both assured me their whole desire was to be useful. He is already become president of a new Bible Society in the county. They are much delighted with the curate, for the very reason for which he is scouted by some neighbours, because he is an evangelical preacher. They are humble, very desirous of being advised; and I was glad to guard them against some very worldly clergy who get about them, having been well received by the poor misled Earl.

I presume Mrs Schimmelpenninck has sent you, as she has me, her "Biblical Fragments." In many parts there is much ability and vigorous writing. I am too illiterate to follow her in her Hebrew; but I think some of her observations on the Psalms are excellent, especially her getting rid of those unmeaning words at the opening of them. She is, however,

I think, mistaken in fancying herself original in seeing our Saviour to be the great object of the Psalms. I am no Hutchinsonian, yet I have long thought Him so. I am much pleased with a great part, but have not gone through it.

I hope you have good accounts of the Cantab, both as to body and mind. He is now entered on a new era of his life. I pray God to keep him steadfast to the end.—Love to all.

H. More.

I have been long in debt to dear Daniel Wilson for sermons and letters, and all that is kind and excellent, but I do not write to him, hearing he was ill. Where is he?

The year 1822 was one which threatened much to put a final close to the valuable life at Barley Wood. Mrs Hannah More was seized, in the beginning of that year, with an inflammation in her chest which scarcely suffered any of her friends to hope for her recovery. It pleased God, however, agreeably to disappoint them, though the disappointment was rather a trying one than otherwise

to one whose house was set in order, and whose full corn was in the ear, ripe and ready for the harvest.

A letter which was addressed by a relative of mine to Mr Zachary Macaulay, conveying an improved account of the state of things at Barley Wood, produced the following reply :—

BRIGHTON, *March* 22, 1822.

MY DEAR MADAM,—My absence from town during the past week has prevented my acknowledging your kind, and not a little gratifying, communication. After all our alarm, we are thankful for the measured degree of hope we are permitted to indulge respecting the continuance among us, for a somewhat longer period, of our invaluable friend. I saw Lady Olivia and Miss Sparrow on the day on which it reached me, and they rejoiced with me in the goodness of God to us. The continued elevation of the pulse is to be regarded rather as a mark of the debility caused by her long illness, and the fever discipline she has undergone, than of the continued presence of fever. If so, we may look with confidence to her revival from that

degree of prostration to which her strength has been reduced.

Our dear friend will be glad to hear that Dr Pearson preached last Sunday at the Chapel Royal before the King and a crowded congregation of fashionables—to "the lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." My friend, Mr Villiers, who franks this letter, told me it was a most excellent sermon, in the very purest taste, and calculated to produce the best effects. If it did not reform, it left, at least, nothing to gainsay. It "commended itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Mr Villiers is a brother of Lord Clarendon, and a man who "loveth our nation." Dr Pearson has just had the living of Abingdon given him by Lord Liverpool. The living is of trifling value, about £200 a-year, but he has got an excellent curate to take charge of it, and his lordship signified that this was but a step.

We are all enjoying the delightful air and weather of this place. Mrs Macaulay and my daughters send their love to dear Mrs More and her faithful friends, to all of whom we feel deeply indebted for supplying so well our lack of service. Mrs

Macaulay looks forward less despairingly to taking your place on some future day.—With cordial respect and esteem, I remain, my dear Madam, yours very faithfully,

ZACHARY MACAULAY.

P.S.—When our friend is well enough to enjoy it, I will send her a copy of Tom's poem of "Waterloo," which lost the prize the year before last. When I say enjoy it, I mean that, interested as I know her to be in all he does, she will not be indisposed to read with indulgence even his unsuccessful efforts to celebrate that memorable field.

Another letter of inquiry, addressed by the same hand to my father a few months later, will serve to shew what were the sentiments of Lord Macaulay's father on an all-important subject; and for that reason, I have felt anxious to insert it. The letter is dated August 1822:—

We have been deriving much satisfaction from the accounts we have been receiving from time to time of the gradual amendment of our dear friend at Barley Wood. You, of course, will be in possession

of still more recent reports. When you do me the favour to reply to this letter, may I beg you to say what were the latest news from that quarter. She would feel acutely the calamitous close of Lord Londonderry's course. It is truly afflicting and humiliating to think how many of our public men, who have filled a large space in the eyes of their country and of the world, have thus terminated their existence. In reflecting on them all, I fear there has been at least one common predisposing cause, independently of the general absence of sound vital religious principles. I mean, the devotion of the Sabbath, not to repose and abstraction from secular employments, but to the same intense application which marked the other days of the week. An idle man may perhaps be guilty of this encroachment on the Sabbath without sustaining any visible ill effect from it; but it seems impossible that Sir Samuel Romilly, or Mr Whitbread, or any other man, working as hard throughout the week as they did, could continue to work on the Sunday also without overstraining their powers of mind. Then, to think of Lord L., after a harassing and fatiguing week, receiving all the frequenters of the Saturday's opera

to his morning rout, and, after a short respite of sleep, scarcely begun when other folks were moving to church, plunging still into all the perplexities of official and Parliamentary business, instead of allowing his mind the repose even of a change of subject, or of abstraction from the cares of ministerial responsibility! The common labourer who thus toiled must sink under the fatigue. The mind, no more than the body, can dispense with the merciful intermission of a seventh day of rest.—I remain, my dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

Z. MACAULAY.

Mr Macaulay has enlarged upon this subject at considerable length, in his published observations upon Public Affairs, at the period this letter dates. The *Christian Observer* for August 1822, will be found to present his views upon this head in a way that is well worthy of most diligent perusal. He there strikingly illustrates and dwells upon the fact, that labour, whether bodily or mental, infringing on God's day of rest, has ever defeated its own ends, even in a *physical* respect; not to speak of the disastrous issue in respect to our far higher interests

connected with eternity. Worldly business, and worldly pleasure, have ever battled hard with the Almighty for the possession of this day, and the House of Commons has lately been the battle-field in which *pleasure* has striven for the mastery; but the Christian public have hitherto to be congratulated that Sabbath-breaking is not less an infringement of England's law than it is of that of God.

> "'Tis time, however, if the case stands thus,
> For us plain folks, and all who side with us,
> To build our altar, confident and bold,
> And say, as stern Elijah said of old,
> The strife now stands upon a fair award,
> If Israel's Lord be God, then serve the Lord;
> If He be silent, faith is all a whim,
> Then Baal is the God, and worship him."
>
> COWPER.*

---

* The admirers of this exquisite poet cannot but be gratified at the tribute paid him by so competent a judge as Lord Macaulay. He pronounces "The Task" as incomparably the best poem that any Englishman then living had produced—a poem, too, which could hardly fail to excite in a well-constituted mind a feeling of esteem and compassion for the poet, a man of genius and virtue, whose means were scanty, and whom the most cruel of all the calamities incident to mortality had made incapable of supporting himself by vigorous and continued exertion. Nowhere had Chatham been praised with more enthusiasm, or in verse more worthy of the subject, than in "The Task."—*Macaulay's Biographies* (Pitt), p. 185.

The following portion of a letter addressed to Mr Macaulay from Barley Wood has lost its date; but, from a circumstance adverted to, I believe it to belong to the year 1824:—

. . . . Writing a letter requires time and eyesight. I sometimes can get one, but I can seldom get them to meet. When I say eye-*sight*, I am ungrateful; for I could, at the worst, have read the newspaper without spectacles; but the mischief was in the *lids*, very painful and disqualifying. They are much better, but far from well. I can now write, and, what is still better, I can *knit*, which I have been doing for seven bazaars. My visitors have been overwhelming. Though many of them were among the excellent of the earth, yet the *fashionables* have been almost as numerous as the *saints*. I was sitting, one morning, with a numerous party of truly pious clergymen, when a modish high-church archdeacon was introduced. It was a new world to him, and I pitied him. But being a very well-bred man, and knowing that it was not infectious, he acquitted himself well, and escaped without any apparent taint. Another morning,

good Mr Hensman and Lyttleton Powys were sitting with me, when we were interrupted with two barouches, out of which sprung eighteen persons, most of them of quality. This happens too frequently; I, however, limit my hours of receiving company from between one and three o'clock. I have no dinner or evening company, and, having a pretty place, I send them out to walk during a great part of the visit. When I say no dinner company, I may except the Wrington Bible Society meeting. I entertained thirty at dinner that day; eleven were clericals, among whom were Brandram and Steinkopff. What a holy creature he is! He stayed two or three days, to the great edification of my family. I should wish you to have been tasting our pure air, but that I hear, with great pleasure, of your situation at Highwood. I hope, however, we may meet once more before I go hence and be no more seen. Pray for me, that I may live in a more fervent preparation for the inevitable and fast approaching hour; and that I may pass my few remaining days in more complete renunciation of self, and more entire acquiescence in the will of my God and Saviour, than I have hitherto done.

I have been just now teazed with a petty disagreeable occurrence. A friend of mine, while sitting in a bookseller's shop, heard three several customers ask for Hannah More's new book, called "Pietas Privata." He was as much astonished as I was, when he brought me the smart little two shilling book itself. It is a most artful deceit. 'Tis a collection of prayers and meditations, from scores of authors living and dead. To these scraps is added a scrap of mine. The title-page is contrived to make the hasty purchaser believe it to be mine.

Friday.

Since writing the above, I have got a letter from Cadell, who is much irritated at the fraud, and thinks that the London publisher should put an immediate stop to the sale, or that I should prosecute him. The latter, you may be sure, I will not do; but it is a sad thing; the little book is selling all over the country. A lady was here yesterday who bought a copy at Chester. If, among your incessant occupations, you can spare a few minutes to call on Cadell, and consult with him on the best means to put a stop to this fraud, you will do me a great kindness.

My love to your dear wife and children. Is Tom bringing out any more wonders? I wish he was rich enough to be in Parliament; he would eclipse them all.—Adieu, my dear friend, very sincerely,

H. More.

The readers and appreciators of Lord Macaulay's parliamentary eloquence will be amused at this last paragraph, and will give credit to the venerable writer for a perspicacious mind.

This was the year of the outbreak among the slaves of Demerara, and of the cruel usage, in consequence, of Mr Smith, the missionary, who, though acquitted in the issue of any participation in that mutiny, was imprisoned on the charge, and died in consequence. It was not likely that such a zealous friend of the poor slaves as Mr Zachary Macaulay would escape the libels of the press, then so plentifully levelled against emancipationists. The following portion of a letter of Mrs More, though not addressed to *him*, yet bears such an honourable testimony to his character in the midst of these newspaper attacks, that it will not, I think, be considered out of place to introduce it:—

My dear Friends,—I have sent a copy of your report to Mr Wilberforce. That incomparable man, together with our excellent friend Macaulay, are straining every nerve both of body and mind in favour of the poor negroes. Of course the abuse they receive from the agents of the West India planters is most violent. Mr Macaulay's moral character has been so scandalously attacked, especially in the newspaper, that he is driven to the painful necessity of prosecuting. I grieve to say his health has very materially suffered from the union of hard labour and unmerited calumny. As I never knew a better man, either in public or private life, I feel truly for him. I think the paper in question has three prosecutions over its head; but as long as the general appetite for slander is so keen, there will never be wanting purveyors to supply the pernicious aliment.

To the high testimony borne to Mr Macaulay senior in the above letter, we may add the concurring eulogies of two *laudati viri*, Sir Fowell Buxton and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir Fowell, in a letter to Hannah More, which dates May 3, 1825, observes—

"I concur with you entirely in thinking that few men have been so much persecuted, and so unjustly calumniated, as Macaulay. But no matter. Man cannot rob Africa or the West Indies of his services, or him of the satisfaction of having rendered them."

Mr Gladstone, in speaking on the slave question in 1841, is reported to have thus expressed himself—

"There is another name still more strangely associated with it. I can only speak from tradition of the struggle for the abolition of slavery; but, if I have not been misinformed, there was engaged in it a man who was the unseen ally of Mr Wilberforce, and the pillar of his strength—a man of profound benevolence, of acute understanding, of indefatigable industry, and of that self-denying temper which is content to work in secret, to forego the recompense of present fame, and to seek his reward beyond the grave: the name of that man was Zachary Macaulay."

In a letter written to some relatives of mine at about the same date, Mrs More alludes to one of Lord Macaulay's brothers in these pleasing terms—

"Macaulay's third son, a fine, sensible youth, who is in the counting-house of the excellent Cropper at Liverpool, wrote to me, near a year since, to ask me to subscribe to the lithographies you mention. It was such a sweet, pretty letter, that I not only sent him the poor pound-note, but, hearing that he was at a loss for an atlas, which he feared he should never be rich enough to buy, I added another pound, and was repaid with the warmest gratitude."

She speaks humorously in this letter of a sort of character not uncommon, and often, to a minister of Christ, among the most discouraging.

"Miss D. is with me. She is as good-humoured as ever, and as ready to assent to everybody's opinion, even before they have done giving it. Poor old Newton used to say he liked *dissenters* better than *assenters*. She is, however, a good creature, and very useful and kind."

Barley Wood, *Feb.* 4, 1826.

My dear Friend,—I have been long meditating a letter to you; but I assure you that, in the sea-

son of youth and strength, I never had so little leisure. I can more truly say than the great Dutch Pensionary did, that I spend my time laboriously in doing nothing. It is the large aggregate of small things perpetually occurring that robs me of all my time. The expense of learning to *read* might have been spared in *my* education, for I never read. I sent his Royal Highness of Gloucester a present of the French translation of my little book, "L'Esprit de la Prière," which I find has a good circulation on the Continent. I am glad my old friend Dr Gray is made Bishop of Bristol.* He has many of the qualities requisite; he is very learned, laborious, active, and tolerant. He has been president of a Bible Society in the county of Durham. He and I have been friends these forty years. It was at his instigation that I wrote "Hints to a Princess." If I refused, he said, I should have to answer for it at the day of judgment.

Two more bishops dead! It is a very awful call to the survivors.

* Author of those valuable works, "The Key to the Old Testament and the Apocrypha," and "The Connection between the Sacred Writings and Jewish and Heathen Literature."

I am almost ashamed to tell you, that an old woman you know, aged 82, who has not been out of her apartment for seven years and a half, but once, is now laying field to field, and ruining herself by the purchase and decoration of new ground. As she never expects to look at it with her own eyes, she can have no personal gratification in this inconvenient expense; but her knowing friends are so persuaded that it will so greatly increase the value of the said place after her death, which must soon happen, though her health is, at this moment, tolerable, that she has submitted, against her own will, to render this service to her executors. She hopes you will contrive to steal two or three days in the summer to look at this addition, which forms a complete arrondissement to her little territory.

I rejoice that your dear suffering wife is at last recovered. Pray tell her that my whole time is spent in working for bazaars. Having not much *mind* left, I am thankful to be able to have *fingers*, which I can make useful to these charitable purposes. Though the tiny poetic spark is quite extinct, folk compel me, besides my worsted contributions, to write a few trumpery lines. I shall en-

close the last for the children. I have been forced to write my name *hundreds* of times, which makes these halfpenny papers sell for a shilling each. I have, since the year began, worked for five of these bazaars, and my fame has so gone abroad that I am now hard at work for Birmingham. Dear Daniel Wilson has stayed with me a few days, twice, and preached at our miserably neglected church. I sent one of his sermons on the Duke of York to the Duke of Gloucester, for which he desired his thanks. D. Wilson seems always to bring a blessing to the house when he comes. I made L. receive her first communion at his hands. The excellent Roberts's have left me.

I want to see Tom's powerful genius more in exercise, especially at the bar.

I think Mrs Macaulay may venture to send the little box to Princess Sophia once more. My affectionate regards to Mrs M. and the young ones, who, I hope, grow in grace as well as stature.—Adieu, my dear friend. I desire your prayers for your very affectionate

H. More.

BARLEY WOOD, *Oct.* 16, 1826.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—As I hope to send off these fruits of my *Eshcol,* I have no time to write for fear of losing the conveyance to Bristol. We are looking forward to the beginning of November, to see Mrs M. and her daughter. Let me have a line a few days previously, time enough for you to receive an answer. I have been but poorly lately ; but, through the great mercy of God, I am pretty well again. He has given me a long space for repentance and preparation.

I think you will not like the grapes the less from their having grown at my chamber-window, and been looked at with more pleasure by me from always having intended their present destination.

I could say much of many of the excellent of the earth whom I have lately seen; but I am so overdone with business and company, that I have left off corresponding, even with the oldest and best friends. Indeed, I have, alas ! outlived almost every one of my contemporaries. One pays dear for living long.—Yours, very sincerely,

H. MORE.

Miss Frowd's kind regards.

[1827.]

MY VERY DEAR AND TOO HARD-WORKING FRIEND, —Many thanks for your very kind letter. I know the trouble it must have cost you to accomplish such a work with such a dealer. I leave the whole *entirely* to your management, and what you think right that *do*, and I know it will be right. As to the *two* things you speak of as objectionable, one is *not* so. Mr Cadell is very welcome to insert "The Feast of Freedom" into his edition of the works. It has answered the end for which it was written. All the profits of the thousand copies were sent to the Irish charities, and I undertook no further. Perhaps I may find a little scrap or two; if I do, I will send it to Mr Cadell. As for looking over twenty volumes, I can by no means promise to do it. I wish I could, for I should like to have it as perfect as possible; but I will do a little.

Since writing thus far, I have found an old scrap, which you may, if you please, give to Mr Cadell.

My kind love to your patriarchal table. God bless them all!

After having been very considerably indisposed for about a month, and attended every day by my

kind neighbour Dr Carrick, I am getting pretty well. People complain that they are troubled with bilious complaints—mine has arisen from a total *want* of bile. I may, I think, say with Shakespeare, that

"I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall."

Miss Frowd desires to add her kindest regards to those of your faithful and affectionate

H. More.

I will send your paper and letter to Miss Roberts's. We had a good Bible meeting at Wrington. I treated a coach brim full with the jaunt. I have set myself the pleasant and profitable task of reading one page in Baxter's "Dying Thoughts" every day. Baxter is my darling.

Barley Wood, *May*, 1827.

My dear Friend,—I can do little more than express my thanks for your very interesting letter; for I have been painting my house, which has affected my eyes so much, that I do not allow myself to read at all, nor to write more than I can help. I have been desired to write some lines begging for

the education of poor negro children, as you in London are to have a bazaar on the 17th or 18th. The meeting is also to take in the case of the Calcutta poor. I enclose two or three copies of my poor simple rhymes. I am forced to write for every bazaar, and we have had many. Poor stuff I make of it, but, bad as it is, it has got a deal of money. I never wrote for money before; but 'tis not for myself.

I have in my head a bold speculation—that of selling the reversion of Barley Wood. At my great age it will probably afford the purchaser speedy possession. I am unwilling to advertise it publicly, as it will bring hurry and trouble upon me; but I wish it to be named to all my friends of the higher class, and to have a paragraph, not an advertisement, in some newspaper—I mean an "*on dit*," naming it as *intended*, and mentioning the great beauty of the scenery, &c. It has been mentioned by such a number of gentry, that few little places are better known. I have laid out a thousand pounds in purchasing and improving within the last year and a half. Mrs I. has sold her place for £5000. Everybody says mine should sell for more, on account of

its great superiority of scenery. It will better suit a picturesque bidder than a pounds, shillings, and pence man. Might I ask you to be so kind as to write the paragraph in question? You cannot think how much the late purchase has added to the beauty. I am told "the old *Times*" is a good paper for these things; but you know best.

My great age, turned of eighty-two, must make me expect soon to depart, and I trust to be with Christ, which is far better. My expenses are so increased, and the demands on me in every way so enlarged, that I have, for the last two or three years, exceeded my income by £300.

Remember me most kindly to your good wife, and all the young ones. I fear the former has never recovered a sound state of health. I pray God to preserve her valuable life, and to bless you all!

I have not yet been able to read Tom's marvellous *late* productions. Every one he brings out seems better than its predecessor. May he grow in grace as well as in fame, is the cordial prayer of his and your affectionate friend,

H. More.

My best regards to the General. What is become of Wilberforce? He was to have been here three weeks ago, but I have lost sight of him. I had a piece of wedding-cake sent to me the other day from London, "with Mr * and Mrs Edward Elliot's compliments." It puzzles me extremely. I presume the gentleman is one of the two clever young men, the great travellers; but as I cannot find out who the lady is, or where they live, I cannot send them my congratulations.

I have lately received presents of two *charges*—one from the lamented Bishop of Calcutta, the other from my old excellent friend, the Archbishop of Dublin. They are two incomparable pieces of writing. It is long since I have met anything equal to them.

Barley Wood, *September*, 1827.

My dear Friend,—I am ashamed to trouble you again; but it oddly happens that those who are most importantly engaged are the most broken in upon.

* The well-known and highly estimated author of the "Horæ Apocalypticæ."

I have had much communication with Cadell lately. He talks of printing a new edition of my works, which, I am ashamed to say, contain nineteen volumes. I think he has already *bought* eight of these. He talks of printing them so as to compress them in eleven volumes. I think you know Cadell. You will therefore do me a great kindness by asking him if he is willing to purchase the whole of my works. In my will I had troubled you with this charge long since. I have got a large sum of money by them, which has enabled me to do many useful things; so that if the writings have done little good, the money has done much.

Of course I cannot expect my works to have much *future* sale; and I am ready to agree with a passage in the *Eclectic Review*—"Her writings may continue to sell during her life, but they will not be heard of after."

The 16th large edition of "Cœlebs," and the 14th "Practical Piety," were published last year. Since I am running on in the bragging way, I must tell you that I am much more sold in America. Poor good Eastburn told me he has sold thirty thousand copies of "Cœlebs;" and I was amused by an Ameri-

can gentleman who called here lately. "Madam," said he, "we republish all your works except your 'Hints to a Princess.' Thank God, we have nothing to do with *royalty*." There 's a good republican for you!

After my seemingly boasting talk, it ends in this; if I have been permitted to effect even a little good by my poor works, it only proves that the Almighty often works by weak instruments, to prove that the glory is all His now.

I must rejoice again at dear Tom's professional prosperity. His brilliant talents will be brought more and more into publicity.

With my most affectionate regards to your dear wife and children, believe me ever, my dear friend, faithfully and affectionately yours,

HANNAH MORE.

The above is the last mention I can find of the great historian in the letters of Mrs H. More. She had one personal interview, at least, with him after her withdrawment to Clifton. Some relations of my own were present on the occasion, and, as far as their remembrance serves, it was early in the year

1830, soon after the general election. He then entered her apartment, attended by Mr Protheroe, the triumphant candidate for Bristol, whose appearance was a rather striking contrast to the heavy and somewhat corpulent figure of the friend who introduced him. Macaulay was then full of spirit and vivacity, and spoke with all his customary flow; but it was, on that occasion, notwithstanding, that some sentiments he broached were combated, and combated successfully, in the opinion of the company, by a female disputant who was strong in the majesty of truth.

Mrs More's anticipations of the increasing publicity of Lord Macaulay's fame have *indeed* been amply realised. The world of politics and the world of letters well blazoned his name whilst he was living, and have now hung out his escutcheon on their walls. Whether her wishes for his *soul's* health were eventually as well fulfilled, is a question of much interest with those who count the soul's health the all in all. His "History," however brilliant in its composition, and fascinating in its narratives, returns but a melancholy answer to that question, and implies rather a desertion than otherwise,

of the principles instilled into his childhood.* Far more satisfactory are the following communications, the first of which have appeared in newspapers, and the last is just inserted in a valuable periodical. They must be read with no small interest by those of Hannah More's opinions.

A paragraph has been inserted in the *Morning Advertiser* affirming, as on good authority, "that the late Lord Macaulay experienced a great and salutary change in his religious views a few months before his death. We are assured," says the writer, "that he embraced, thoroughly and joyfully, what are called evangelical principles, and that his only hope for a happy hereafter rested on the atonement."

It has been also stated that he carried on a satisfactory correspondence with the author of "The Martyr of Erromanga." This writer had congratulated him on a speech in which he had advocated the propagation of Christianity in India, and had

* I allude here, *inter alia*, to his unfair character of Cranmer, vol. i., p. 52. There is a passage in vol. i., p. 161 (2d edition), which is surely very lax in point of morals, and which is followed by an insinuation not very charitable against the Puritan party.

expressed a noble indignation at the shameful patronage of Hindoo abominations with which the Company was too long chargeable. In his reply to this letter of congratulation, he declared that he "greatly prized the writer's approval, and all the more, since in speaking as he had done, he had simply been uttering his own heartfelt and very strong conviction." *

* In his father's *Observer*, for April 1813, there will be found an article of much value on this subject. And there is a passage in the *British Review*, for February 1814, which I am glad of this opportunity to quote. "Give them (the Hindoos) religion, make them a part of yourselves, convince them of your ardent desire to impart to them all that constitutes your real greatness and happiness, viz., your moral character, and then, though you give the power, you at the same time disarm it; though you put the sword into their hands, you previously destroy its edge. But, on the other hand, suppose the people of India to go forward in this march of mind without our concurrence —forbidden light, as it were, to break in upon them, greatness to be insensibly imparted by their necessary contact with others —then, with the power, will grow up the disposition to employ it against ourselves. The arms which they wrench from us they will use for our destruction." Surely this is almost prophetic of late events, and may perhaps, unless we rule in India with more *Christian* sway, be more fearfully fulfilled hereafter.

"*To the Editor of Evangelical Christendom.*

"ENGLISH PARSONAGE, AMSTERDAM,
"*Feb.* 7, 1860.

"I believe that there are thousands throughout the length and breadth of our own land, as well as in other lands, who would rejoice at the production of anything like real evidence of the truth of what you have stated in the February number of *Christendom* in reference to 'Lord Macaulay's character having of late undergone, religiously, a most important change.'

"Those who have thought of him amid all the coruscations of his bright career, as the son of Zachary Macaulay, as the child of many prayers—those who remember his sweet sonnet on Henry Martyn, would indeed rejoice, with exceeding great joy, to know that Lord Macaulay's last days were his best days, and that, ere his heart had ceased to beat, it had been brought to enjoy the hope full of immortality, through faith on 'that dear name,' to which, in those beautiful lines, he pointed.

"I am unable to afford real evidence that this was the case; and yet I can give something far beyond mere conjecture; and if it have but a

feather's weight on weighing the substantiation of the truth of that change to which you have alluded, I shall rejoice indeed in having rendered it.

"Lord Macaulay having taken a deep interest in the history of this Protestant land, and having gained golden opinions in every right-minded Dutchman's heart, in consequence of his true portraiture of that noble-minded man who went over from this country 'to curb the proud oppression' of James II., and whom Smollett has so shamefully delineated, was, a few years ago, made an honorary member of the Historical Society of Utrecht. I sent to Lord Macaulay, a few months ago, as from one British Member of that Society to another, (there were only *three*,) a sermon preached by me on a recent public occasion in the city of Utrecht, on the words, 'Take heed that ye be not deceived,' (Luke xxi. 8,) a sermon in which the great truths of the Reformation, and specially that of justification by faith in the finished work of the Redeemer, were emphatically dwelt on, and the sole source of salvation was sought to be traced to its fountain-head on the suretyship, and substitution, and satisfaction of God manifest in the flesh.

"Now, whilst the natural mind would not have received these statements, but, on the contrary, have regarded them as foolishness, (1 Cor. ii. 14,) I have had Lord Macaulay's own assurance, in a very kind letter, dated 'Holly Lodge, September 17, 1859,' that he read the discourse which I transmitted to him 'with great interest and pleasure,' and if in these words there was something more meant than the ordinary courtesy of a kind acknowledgment, is it too much to believe that the heart of the great historian may have been previously touched by an omnipotent arm, and heart and mind brought in sweet concord to receive, yes, with interest and pleasure, the truth as it is in Jesus?

"Exercise your own discretion as to the use of these lines, and believe me, in the bonds of our blessed Master, yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM JAMIESON,
"*British Chaplain.*"*

The following short fragment, addressed by

* *Evangelical Christendom* for March 1860. May the Editor venture to recommend this admirable publication to those of his readers who are not acquainted with it? It gives a bird's-eye view of all that is doing on the Continent for God, and for His Christ.

Hannah More to Mr Zachary Macaulay, was penned, not from her pleasant seat at Barley Wood, but from the house in Clifton, to which she was driven, in extreme old age, to betake herself for refuge. It was probably one of the last efforts of her feeble pen :—

CLIFTON, *Nov.* 19.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—It is a very long time since you have heard from me, but not since I have heard *of* you, though not *from* you ; and it is with real and deep concern that I have been informed of your long and severe indisposition. Your agreeable brother the General always brings me every account he gets of you, and the account has been more or less painful. I see a good deal of him. He always attends our little church in my drawing-room on Saturday evenings. The Rev. Mr Elwin expounds Scripture, and prays to a small serious party. This is a great comfort to me, as it partly supplies my long absence from public worship. Our old friend Mr Cadell borrowed a fine picture of mine from Sir Thomas Acland to get it engraved for a new edition of my works, which he is preparing for the press, crowded into eleven volumes. He always

tells me of the polite and gentlemanly conduct of Mr Macaulay, while you were the mediator between us. The General appears to have real piety. His knowledge of mankind, in his various adventures through life, makes him a very interesting companion. He gives away a multitude of religious books in different parts of the world. My health is far better than could be expected at my great age, and after my former sickness. My heavenly Father is most gracious to me in giving me a long time for repentance of the past, and preparation for the future. Your dear anti-slavery friends, the Miss Roberts's, are become my next neighbours—a great comfort to both sides.

Thus ends a correspondence which is no longer carried on by pen and ink, but which is exchanged, as there is every reason to believe, for the bright and ceaseless converse of eternity.

THE END.

By the same Author.

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